

CREEPSHOW™

TALES OF SUSPENSE AND HORROR!!! VOL. 2

"A MURDERER'S ROW OF
CREATIVE TALENTS"

-SCREEN RANT



WILL BLOW YOUR MIND
BEYOND
GOOD OR
EVIL

CREEPSHOW
TALES OF SUSPENSE AND HORROR!!! 1991
3.99

CREEPSHOW™

WITNESS TEN
MORE **TERRIFYING**
TALES GUARANTEED TO
THRILL AND CHILL YOU
TO THE BONE!



CARTEL

SPECIAL THANKS TO STAN SPRY AND RYLEE CRAVENS



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STRANGE, EERIE, TERRIFYING!

CREEPSHOW™

FEATURING!

"MAKE YOUR CHOICE"

GARTH ENNIS..... WRITER
BECKY CLOONAN..... ARTIST
LEE LOUGHRIDGE..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSÉAU..... LETTERER

"FOSSIL RECORD"

PHIL HESTER..... WRITER & ARTIST
ERIC GAPSTUR..... INKER
MIKE SPICER..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSÉAU..... LETTERER

"THE MAN WITH NO EYES"

MICHAEL WALSH... WRITER, ARTIST & COLORIST
PAT BROSSÉAU..... LETTERER

"KEEP IT DOWN"

DAN WATTERS..... WRITER
ABIGAIL LARSON..... ARTIST & COLORIST
PAT BROSSÉAU..... LETTERER

"ETERNITY, ETERNITY, ETERNITY"

ZOE THOROGOOD.. WRITER, ARTIST & LETTERER

"SACRIFICES"

JOEL FARRELLY..... WRITER
GORAN SUDŽUKA..... ARTIST
IVE SVORCINA..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSÉAU..... LETTERER

"KILLER CART CORRAL"

NICK DRAGOTTA..... WRITER & ARTIST
JEAN-FRANCOIS BEAULIEU..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSÉAU..... LETTERER

"THE AMULET"

ALISA KWITNEY..... WRITER
MAURICET..... ARTIST
MIKE SPICER..... COLORIST
PAT BROSSÉAU..... LETTERER

"BURNING AMBITION"

SALADIN AHMED..... WRITER
ARTYOM TOPILIN..... ARTIST
PAT BROSSÉAU..... LETTERER

"KEEP IT FED"

DAVID "DB" ANDRY & TIM DANIEL..... WRITERS
MATTHEW ROBERTS..... ARTIST
PAT BROSSÉAU..... LETTERER

GREG NICOTERO & BRIAN WITTEN..... MASTERS OF HORROR
GUILLEM MARCH..... COVER
ALEX ANTONE..... EDITOR
JILLIAN CRAB..... DESIGNER
RICHARD MERCADO..... PRODUCTION
MICHAEL BROOM..... ADDITIONAL CREEP ART





Art by GUILLEM MARCH

Well, here we are with more CREEPSHOW...as I've always said,
"You can't keep a good ghoul down."

Now more than ever, these bite-sized horror jaunts are increasingly satisfying, and I'm delighted to be able to bring you a fresh batch. Our writers and artists have delivered 100-fold, not only honoring the genre, but keeping the spirit of CREEPSHOW alive. So sit back, turn down the lights and dive in...*if you dare!!!*

GREG NICOTERO

Paris, France (fighting zombies with Daryl Dixon)

"MAKE YOUR CHOICE"

WRITER

GARTH ENNIS

ARTIST

BECKY CLOONAN

COLORIST

LEE LOUGHRIDGE

LETTERER

PAT BROSEAU

If you or anyone you know is struggling or in crisis, help is available.

National Center for Missing & Exploited Children's CyberTipline
cybertipline.org | 1-800-THE-LOST

National Domestic Violence Hotline
thehotline.org | 1-800-799-7233

988 Suicide and Crisis Lifeline
988lifeline.org | 988

National Sexual Assault Hotline
rainn.org | 1-800-656-4673

National Human Trafficking Hotline
humantraffickinghotline.org
1-888-373-7888

PTSD Foundation of America
ptsdusa.org | 1-832-912-4429

EVER NOTICE HOW *FUNNY* SOME PEOPLE CAN BE ABOUT *CHILDREN*, CHILDREN?

HELL, THEY JUST *LOVE* THE LITTLE TYKES! MATTER OF FACT, PUSH 'EM *FAR ENOUGH*, THEY GET DOWNRIGHT *MURDEROUS* ON THE SUBJECT! BUT...IS IT THE *REALITY* OF KIDS THEY'RE IN LOVE WITH-- OR JUST THE *IDEA*...?

MAKE YOUR CHOICE



URRRRGHHH...



OOHHHHH...
HNNNGHHHHH--!



GAAHH!!



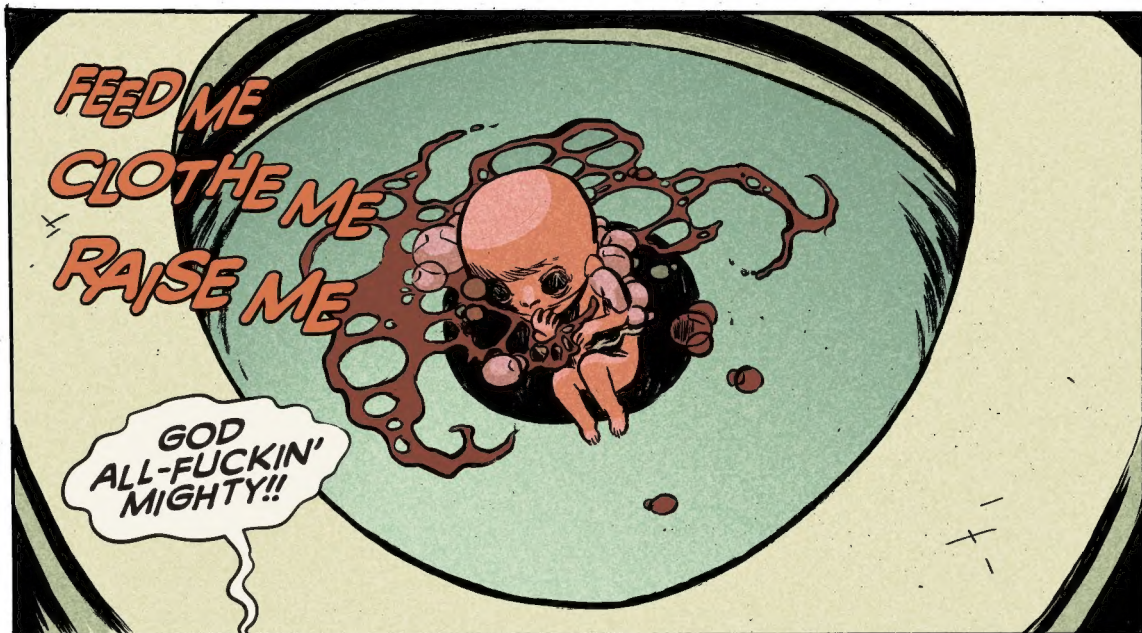
...WHOOF.
OH BOY. I TELL YA...

FEED MEEEEEE

I GOTTA LAY OFF THE BARBECUE.

FEED MEEEEEE

I--



**FEED ME
CLOTHE ME
RAISE ME**

JESUS
CHRIST ON THE
COCKSUCKIN'
CROSS!

WESLEY!



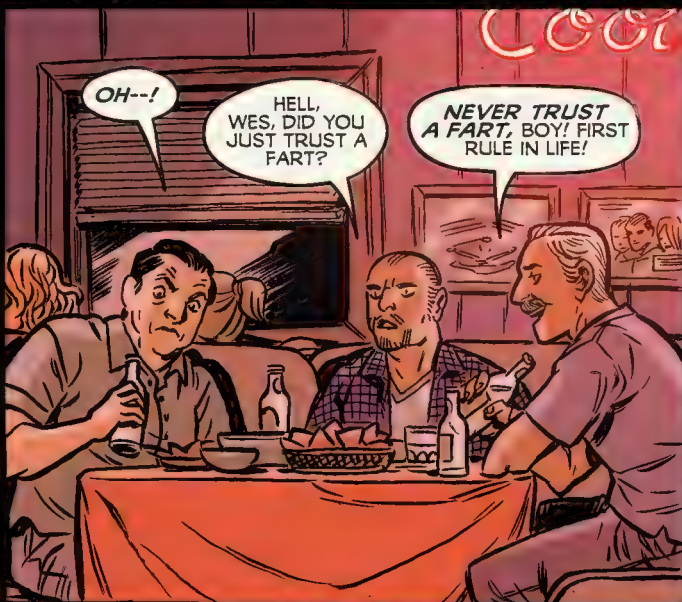


ASHOOO!



SHIT!

FEED ME
CLOTHE ME
RAISE ME



OH--!

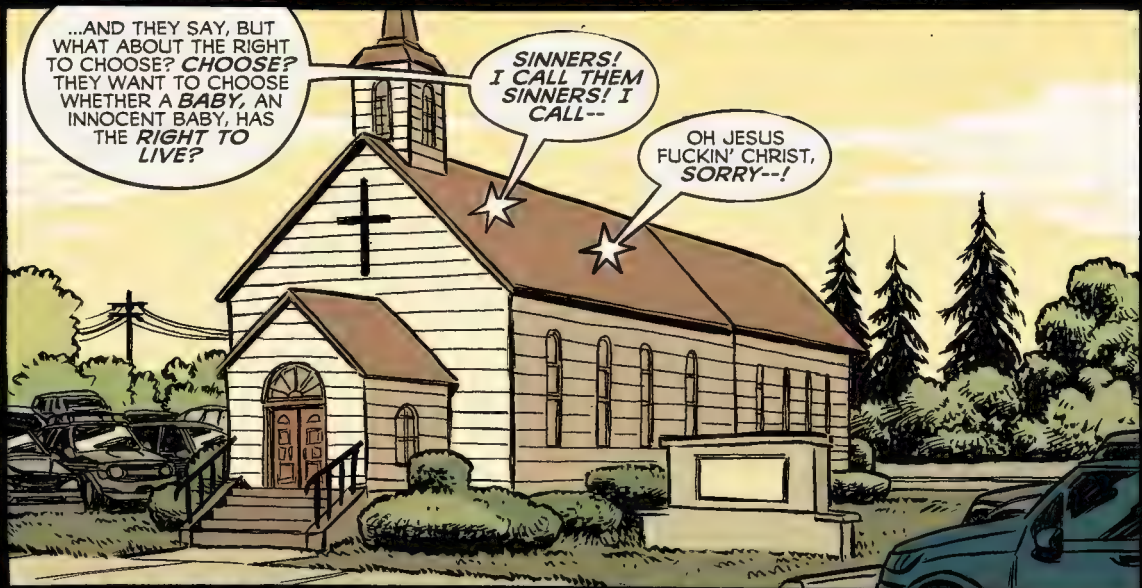
HELL,
WES, DID YOU
JUST TRUST A
FART?

NEVER TRUST
A FART, BOY! FIRST
RULE IN LIFE!



AW,
GODDAMMIT!

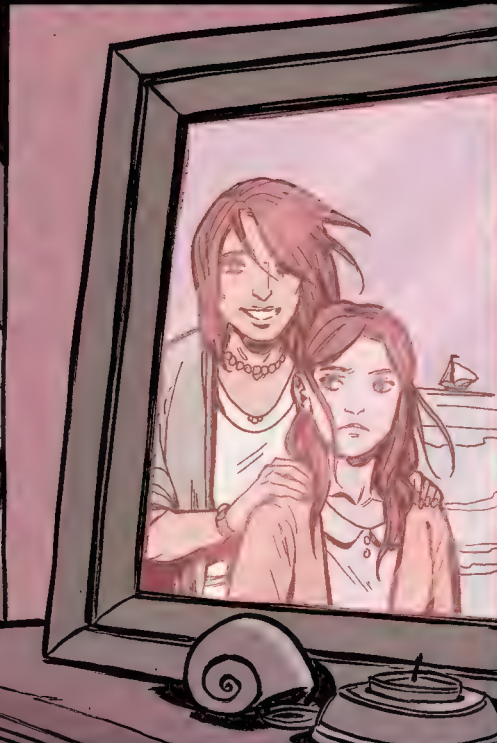
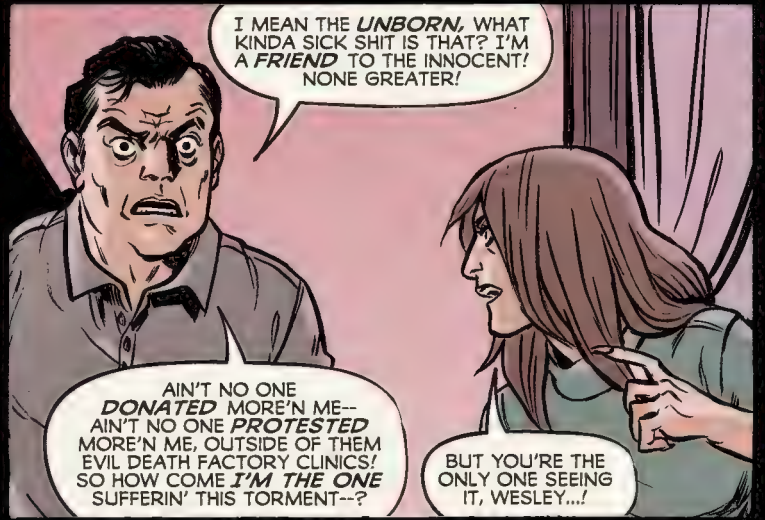
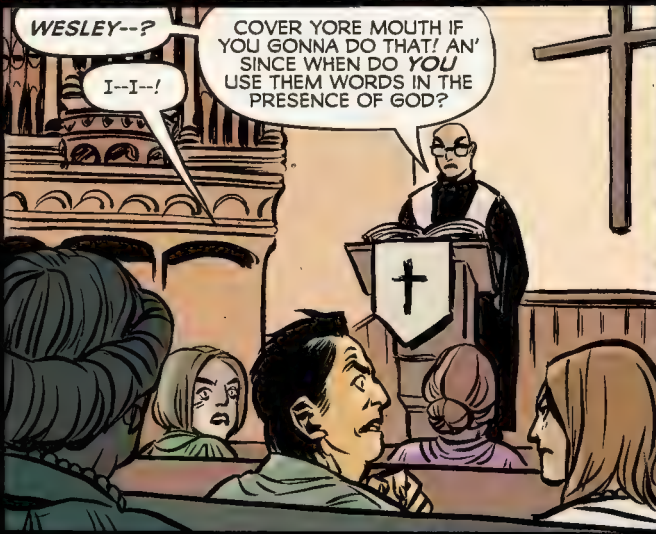
FEED ME
CLOTHE ME
RAISE ME

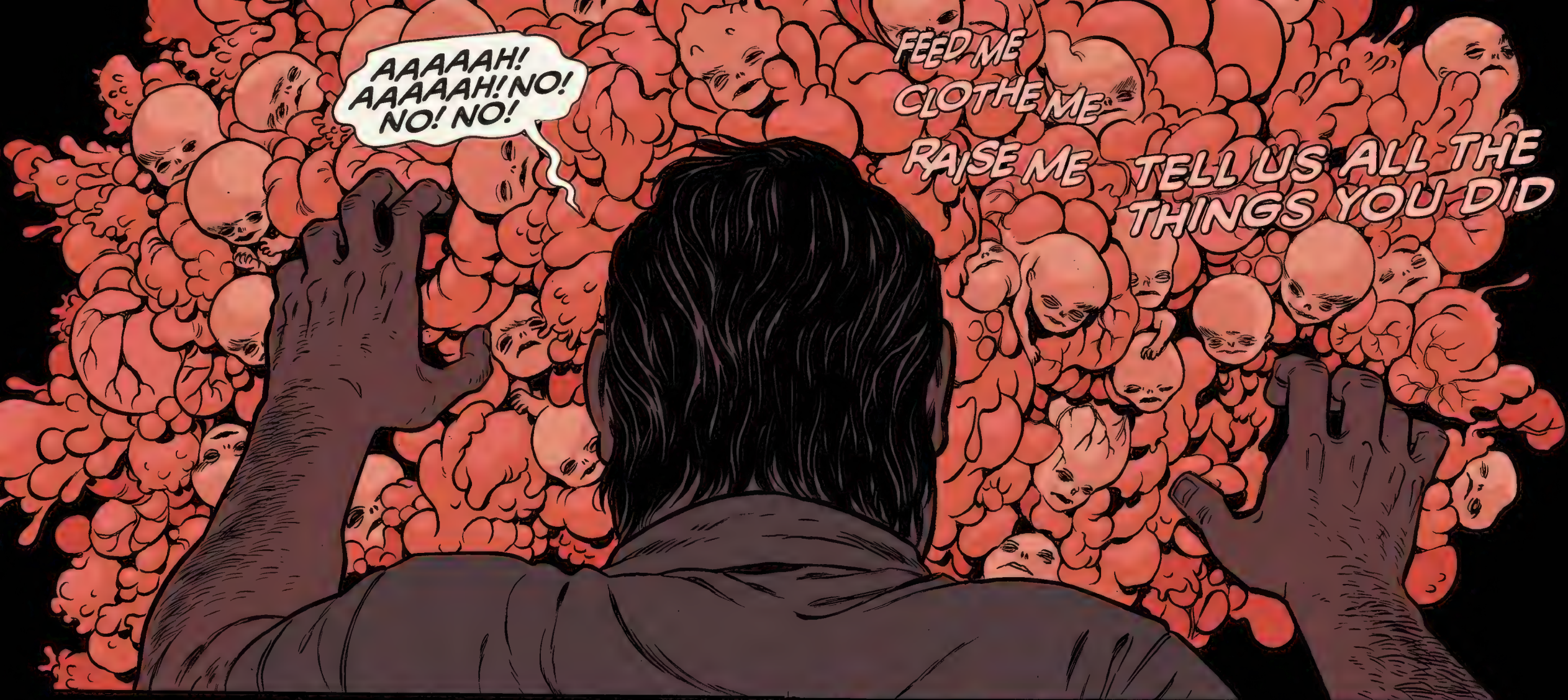


...AND THEY SAY, BUT
WHAT ABOUT THE RIGHT
TO CHOOSE? **CHOOSE?**
THEY WANT TO CHOOSE
WHETHER A **BABY**, AN
INNOCENT BABY, HAS
THE **RIGHT TO**
LIVE?

SINNERS!
I CALL THEM
SINNERS! I CALL--

OH JESUS
FUCKIN' CHRIST,
SORRY--!





AAAAAH!
AAAAAH! NO!
NO! NO!

FEED ME
CLOTHE ME

RAISE ME TELL US ALL THE
THINGS YOU DID



OH
GOD--OH
JESUS--!

YOU DONATED
YOU PROTESTED
AND YOU...?



OH GOD! I
DIDN'T--I--

I KNOW THEM BOYS SET THE
FIRE IN THAT PLACE, BUT THERE
WAS LITTLE BABIES GETTIN'
KILLED THERE! THE WORK OF
SATAN HIMSELF! AN' I KNOW
I PUT 'EM UP TO IT, I KNOW,
BUT I DIDN'T MEAN FOR
FOLKS TO GET HURT!



I DIDN'T MEAN
ANY HARM, I
SWEAR TO--

DIDN'T MEAN
ANY HARM

YOU WON'T
FEED US

YOU WON'T
CLOTHE US

YOU WON'T
RAISE US



YOU DON'T GIVE A
SHIT WHAT HAPPENS
NOT TO US

NOT TO WHO
BEARS US

JUST SO LONG
AS WE'RE BORN



WAIT!
WAIT A
MINUTE!

NOW I ADMIT IT, I ADMIT
I DID THEM THINGS! AND I-I-I
AIN'T ASHAMED, NOT OF THWARTIN' THE
DEVIL'S DEEDS! BUT THERE'S *MILLIONS*
OF FOLK FEEL THE WAY I DO!



I DON'T
BELIEVE EVERYONE
GETS THIS! JESUS
CHRIST, I'D'VE
HEARD!

I MEAN,
GODDAMN, COME
ON, WHAT IS IT
ABOUT *ME*?!

JESSICA



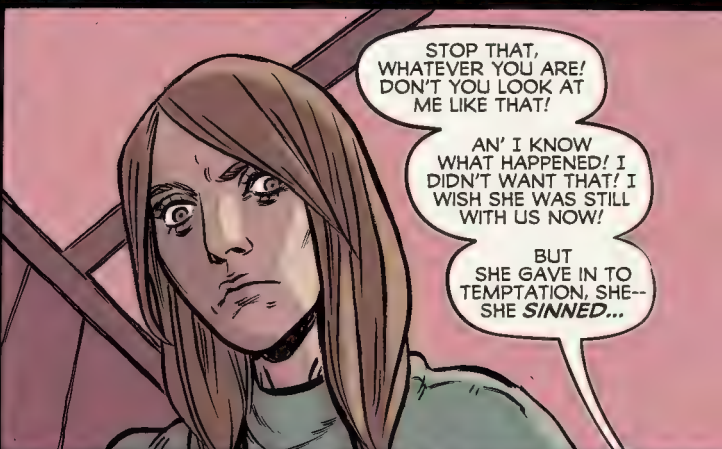
JESSICA?



NO, WAIT!
WAIT! SHE HAD
TO DO THAT!

IT WOULD
RUINED ME, A MAN
OF MY STANDIN'! IT
WOULDA DESTROYED
MY REPUTATION!

*SHE HAD TO
HAVE THAT DAMN
PROCEDURE!*



STOP THAT,
WHATEVER YOU ARE!
DON'T YOU LOOK AT
ME LIKE THAT!

AN' I KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED! I
DIDN'T WANT THAT! I
WISH SHE WAS STILL
WITH US NOW!

BUT
SHE GAVE IN TO
TEMPTATION, SHE--
SHE *SINNED*...



I MEAN
JESUS
CHRIST.

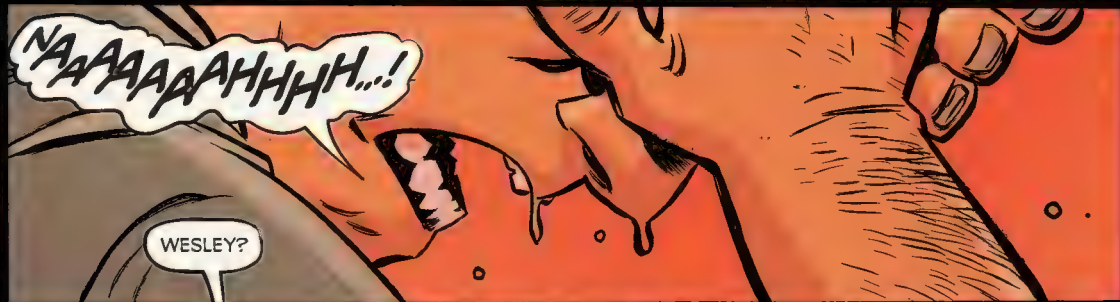
WHAT
CHOICE DID
I HAVE?



**WHAT CHOICE
DID YOU HAVE**

IT...IT
COULDN'T
BE ONE OF THEM
PLACES, THEM
CLINICS...EVERYONE
I KNOW WOULD
RECOGNIZE
HER...

**WHAT CHOICE
DID YOU
HAVE**



NAAAAAAHHHH...!

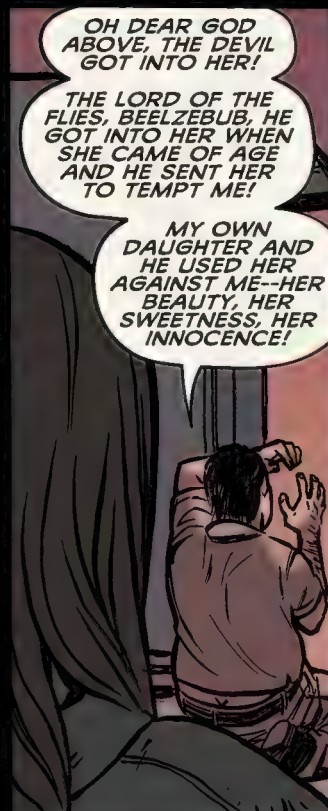
WESLEY?



HOW DID
SHE GET PREGNANT,
REALLY?

NOT THAT HORSESHIT
ABOUT THE BOY ON THE
FOOTBALL TEAM, I BEEN
TRYING TO BELIEVE THAT
FOR FAR TOO LONG.

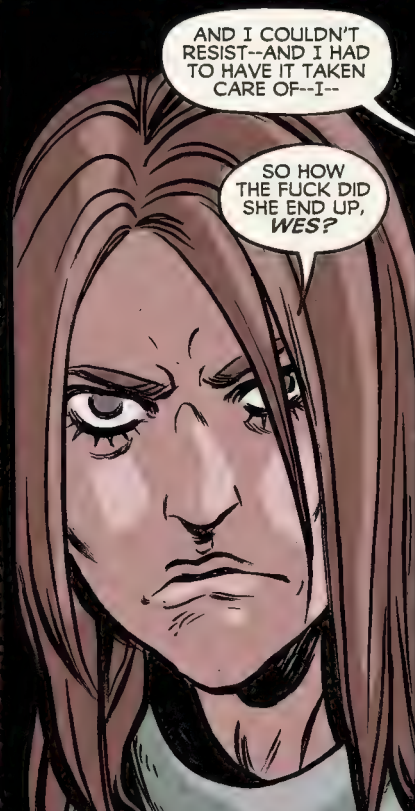
REALLY.



OH DEAR GOD
ABOVE, THE DEVIL
GOT INTO HER!

THE LORD OF THE
FLIES, BEELZEBUB, HE
GOT INTO HER WHEN
SHE CAME OF AGE
AND HE SENT HER
TO TEMPT ME!

MY OWN
DAUGHTER AND
HE USED HER
AGAINST ME--HER
BEAUTY, HER
SWEETNESS, HER
INNOCENCE!



AND I COULDN'T
RESIST--AND I HAD
TO HAVE IT TAKEN
CARE OF--I--

SO HOW
THE FUCK DID
SHE END UP,
WES?



SOME BUTCHER
IN A BASEMENT WITH A
COUPLE OF GODDAMNED
KNITTING NEEDLES?



C...C...
CAROL-ANN?

YOU--YOU PUT THAT
DOWN NOW, THAT'S
SUPPOSED TO BE FOR
HOME DEFENSE--!



YOU PUT
THAT FUCKIN'
THING D--



LOOKS
LIKE CAROL-ANN'S
PERFORMED A LITTLE
PROCEDURE OF HER
OWN! AH, WELL--
HER CHOICE!

AND
DON'T LET
ANYONE TELL
YOU DIFFERENT!
**GOOD
NIGHT!**

THE END



"FOSSIL RECORD"

WRITER & PENCILLER

PHIL HESTER

INKER

ERIC GAPSTUR

COLORIST

MIKE SPICER

LETTERER

PAT BROSSEAU



WHY DO YOU
BURY YOUR SISTERS
IN THE GROUND BELOW,
WHEN YOUR GOD
SLEEPS IN THE SKY
ABOVE?

PEOPLE
BURY ALL THE
UGLY THINGS
THEY DON'T WANT
TO DEAL WITH
ANYMORE. THEIR
GARBAGE, THEIR
WASTE...THEIR
DEAD.

BUT SOME OF US
ARE PARTIAL TO DIGGING
THINGS UP. LIKE OUR FRIEND
AUGUST HODGSON
OVER THERE. HE'S A
PALEONTOLOGIST AND A
MOMMA'S BOY, ONLY
HIS MOMMA IS NO
MORE.

HE'S ABOUT
TO LEARN THERE
ARE THINGS DEEP
IN THE EARTH
THAT PREDATE
THE PALTRY EVIL
OF THE HUMAN
RACE.

AN UGLY TRUTH
THAT CAN ONLY BE
FOUND IN THE...

WE SHOULD *BURN* OUR
FLESH, AND SEND OUR
SMOKE TOWARD HEAVEN,
RATHER THAN PLANT
OURSELVES LIKE SEEDS
IN THE GROUND.

LIKE A CROP TO
BE *HARVESTED*.

I KNOW
MOM'S DEATH
WAS HARD ON
AUGUST, BUT
THIS IS TOO
MUCH.

I'M
ON IT.

OKAY, BUDDY.
THAT'S ENOUGH.

NO! YOU
HAD YOUR
PRECIOUS
SCRIPTURE
READING
AT THE CHURCH!

THESE ARE
THE WORDS OF
GOTTLIEB--

JESUS
WEPT.

YAAH!

WAY TO GO,
DOUCHE.

FOR
GOD'S SAKE,
AUGUST.

IMAGINE *MOTHER*
SEEING YOU ROLLING
AROUND IN HER
GRAVE LIKE THIS!

I SHOULD HAVE
KNOWN.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
HEINRICH'S POETRY
WOULD BE *WASTED*
ON THOSE *FOOLS*.

JUST LIKE
HIS *THEORIES*.
WASTED ON THE
HIDEBOUND MINDS
RUNNING THIS
VERY UNIVER--

GAAHHH!

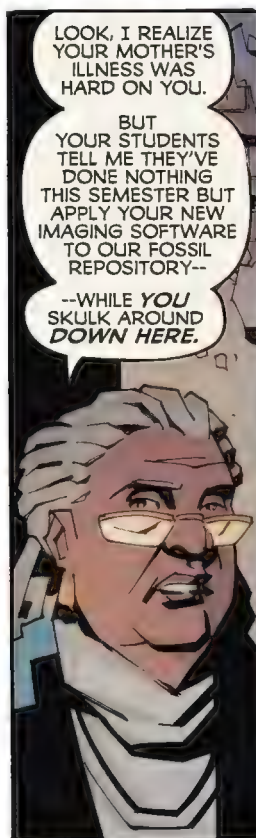
BISSET
HALL
GEOLOG



RELAX,
AUGUST. IT'S ONLY A
MODEL. ONE OF DR.
HEINRICH'S.

ISN'T THIS WHAT
YOU'RE DIGGING FOR DOWN
HERE IN HIS OLD OFFICE? ONE
MORE OF HIS OUTLANDISH
THEORIES TO PLUNDER?

OOOOH!
PROFESSOR
BORGES!



LOOK, I REALIZE
YOUR MOTHER'S
ILLNESS WAS
HARD ON YOU.

BUT
YOUR STUDENTS
TELL ME THEY'VE
DONE NOTHING
THIS SEMESTER BUT
APPLY YOUR NEW
IMAGING SOFTWARE
TO OUR FOSSIL
REPOSITORY--

--WHILE YOU
SKULK AROUND
DOWN HERE.



I KNOW DEPRESSION
CAN MAKE WORK
SEEM POINTLESS--

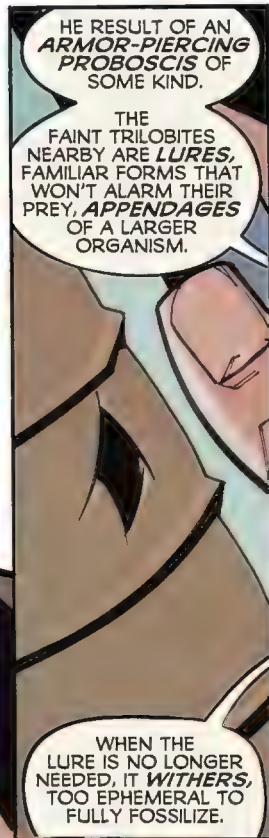
BUT, PROFESSOR
BORGES, I *HAVE*
BEEN WORKING. ONLY
MY WORK TOOK ME
PLACES I WASN'T
READY TO GO.

PLACES
NO ONE
IS READY
TO GO.



LOOK WHAT
MY SOFTWARE
REVEALED ON OVER
SEVENTY PERCENT
OF TRILOBITES FROM
THE PERMIAN
EXTINCTION.

A PREVIOUSLY
UNDETECTABLE
WOUND.



THE RESULT OF AN
ARMOR-PIERCING
PROBOSCIS OF
SOME KIND.

THE
FAINT TRILOBITES
NEARBY ARE *LURES*,
FAMILIAR FORMS THAT
WON'T ALARM THEIR
PREY, *APPENDAGES*
OF A LARGER
ORGANISM.

WHEN THE
LURE IS NO LONGER
NEEDED, IT *WITHERS*,
TOO EPHEMERAL TO
FULLY FOSSILIZE.

HEINRICH ONLY
THEORIZED, BUT I HAVE
PROOF! THE GREAT EXTINCTIONS
OF THE FOSSIL RECORD ARE
NOT ENVIRONMENTAL--

--BUT THE RESULT
OF PREDATION FROM
AN ORGANISM WE
CANNOT EVEN *BEGIN*
TO COMPREHEND.

A PERFECT
PREDATOR
THAT PERSISTS TO
THIS DAY. *STILL*
HUNTING.



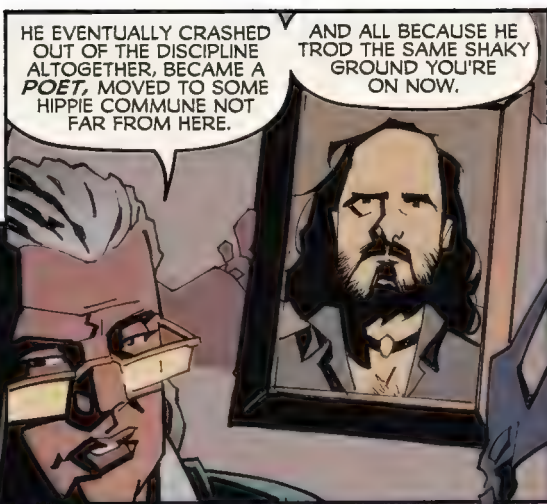


I SHOULD HAVE HAD THIS OFFICE CLEARED **DECADES AGO**, BEFORE IT COULD INSPIRE THIS MANIA IN YOU.

BUT GOTTLIEB WAS SUCH A COMPELLING PERSONALITY. BRILLIANT, **INTENSE**. MUCH LIKE YOU.

BUT HIS WORK LED TO **OBSESSION**, AND OBSESSION TO **MADNESS**.

"TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FOLLOW HIM."



HE EVENTUALLY CRASHED OUT OF THE DISCIPLINE ALTOGETHER, BECAME A **POET**, MOVED TO SOME HIPPIE COMMUNE NOT FAR FROM HERE.

AND ALL BECAUSE HE TROD THE SAME SHAKY GROUND YOU'RE ON NOW.



INCREDIBLE. THIS OLD BARN HAS EVEN MORE EXAMPLES OF HIS WORK THAN HIS LAB.

HEINRICH WANTED A FARM NEAR AS HE COULD GET TO THE **CEMETERY**. GOD KNOWS WHY.

HE USED TO COME OUT OF THE HOLE TO WRITE LETTERS, READ HIS POETRY, MEET HIS FANS—**ODD PEOPLE**, THOSE.

ALL HE DOES NOW IS **DIG**. LIKE HE'S RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

I THINK I UNDERSTAND WHY, MRS. KENT. IF I COULD JUST TALK TO HIM.



I SEND HIS FOOD DOWN THE HOLE. I BRING HIS WASTE BUCKET UP.

YOU WANT TO TALK TO OLD MAN HEINRICH, **YOU** GO DOWN THE HOLE, TOO.



JUST BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T COME BACK UP **IN THE BUCKET**.

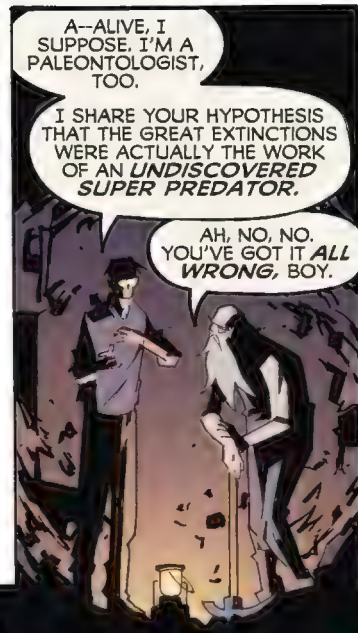


PROFESSOR
HEINRICH?

YOU
A *LIVE*
ONE?



SPEAK UP,
SON. YOU *ALIVE*
OR *DEAD*?



A--ALIVE, I
SUPPOSE. I'M A
PALEONTOLOGIST,
TOO.

I SHARE YOUR HYPOTHESIS
THAT THE GREAT EXTINCTIONS
WERE ACTUALLY THE WORK
OF AN *UNDISCOVERED*
SUPER PREDATOR.

AH, NO, NO.
YOU'VE GOT IT *ALL*
WRONG, BOY.

THEY AREN'T
PREDATORS, THEY'RE
FARMERS. AND WE'RE
THEIR *CROP*!

THEY'VE FED
ON *EVERY* ONE OF OUR
ANCESTORS, *BENDING* OUR
EVOLUTION EPOCH AFTER EPOCH.
WE'RE LIKE MICE BOUND TO CATS
BY *TOXOPLASMOSIS*.

SO THEY CAN
SUCK THEM DRY, *CHANGE* THEM, TURN
THEM INTO *DECOYS*
LIKE THOSE PHANTOM
TRILOBITES.

CHANGE
THEM AND
SEND THEM
AFTER *US*!



THEY'RE NOT ANYWHERE IN
THE FOSSIL RECORD BECAUSE
THEY NEVER DIE, DON'T
YOU SEE?

THEY SLEEP SOMEWHERE
BELOW--MIXOPTERUSES METERS
LONG, MAYBE *KILOMETERS*.
AND WHEN THEIR CROP IS RIPE,
THEY RISE TO HARVEST.



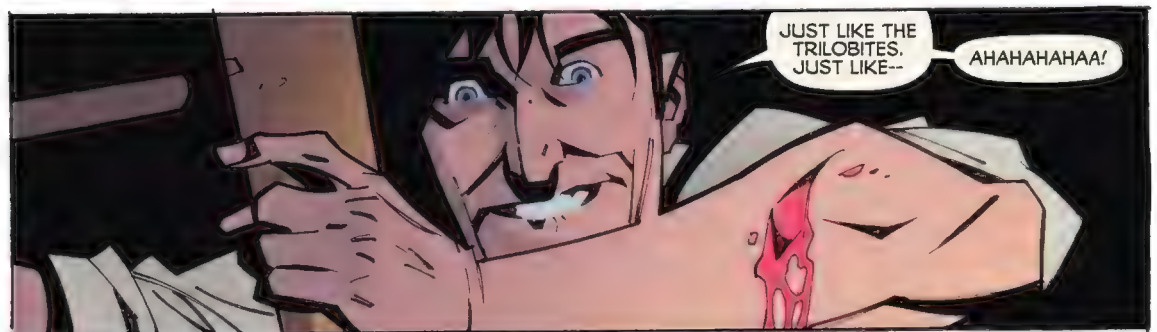
BUT IF I HAD ANOTHER
DIGGER, A *YOUNG*
DIGGER...

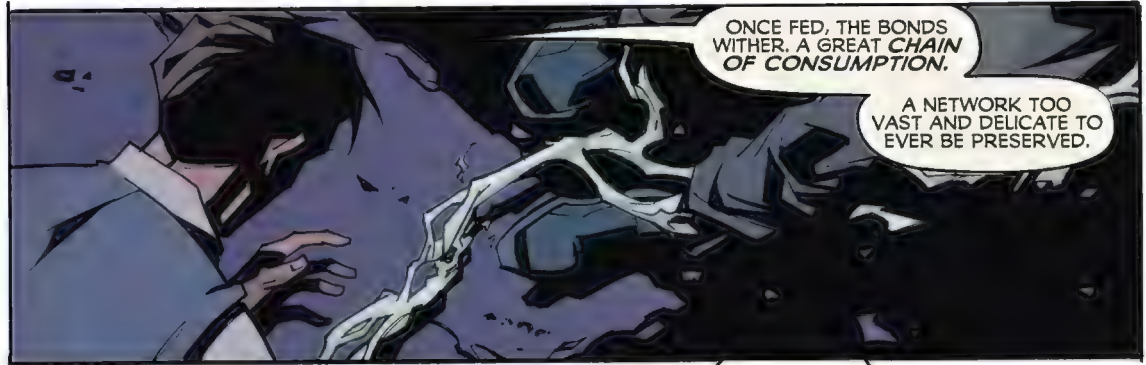


DON'T
TOUCH
ME, PLEASE.
I DON'T LIKE
TO BE--

WE COULD
FIND THEM
TOGETHER!











OF COURSE THEY'D BE HERE ALREADY. THE GRAVEYARD IS WHERE THE HARVEST BEGINS.

BUT MAYBE THEY HAVEN'T REACHED MOTHER YET.



MAYBE I CAN STILL FREE HER.



I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THERE, MOTHER. I WON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU!



I WON'T--

SHHHHHH!



POOR AUGUST. HE WAS STARK RAVING AT THE END THERE, WASN'T HE?

WAS IT *REAL* OR JUST A NIGHTMARE? A VIVID NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE?

HEH. EITHER WAY, YOU COULD BE FORGIVEN FOR SAYING IT WAS "ALL IN HIS HEAD."

SSSHRAK-KKK!

THE END



"THE MAN WITH NO EYES"

WRITER, ARTIST & COLORIST
MICHAEL WALSH

LETTERER
PAT BROSSAU

WHEN YOU WERE A KID,
DIDN'T YOU JUST *LOVE*
STAYING UP PAST BEDTIME
AND SNEAKING IN A SCARY
SHOW? GLUED TO THE TV,
YOU JUST COULDN'T *PEEL*
YOUR EYES AWAY...

...ONE SHOW,
IN PARTICULAR, IS
SURE TO SEND SHIVERS
DOWN THE SPINE. STAY
UP LATE ENOUGH AND
YOU MIGHT JUST
FIND...

The Man with No Eyes

ARE
YOU EVEN
LISTENING,
DAN? *LOOK*
AT ME WHEN
I'M TALKING
TO YOU.

YES,
DAD.

THEN
WHAT
DID I SAY,
DAMNIT?

DON'T STAY
UP TOO LATE, DON'T
WATCH TOO MUCH TV,
BRUSH MY TEETH
BEFORE BED...
AND...AND--

AND
LATCH THE
DOOR WHEN
I LEAVE.

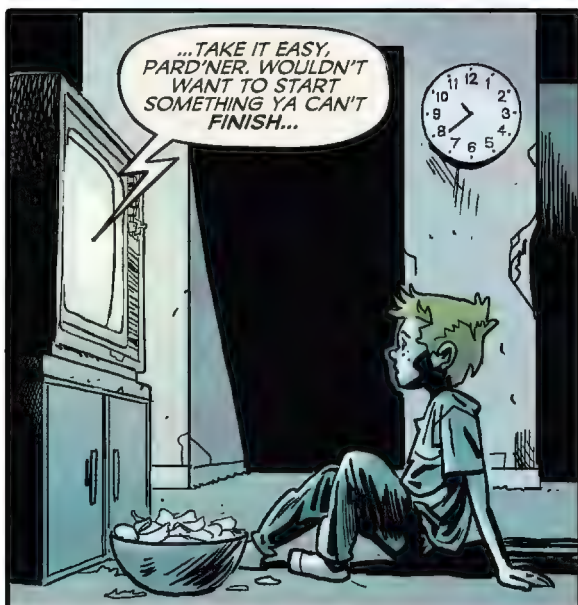
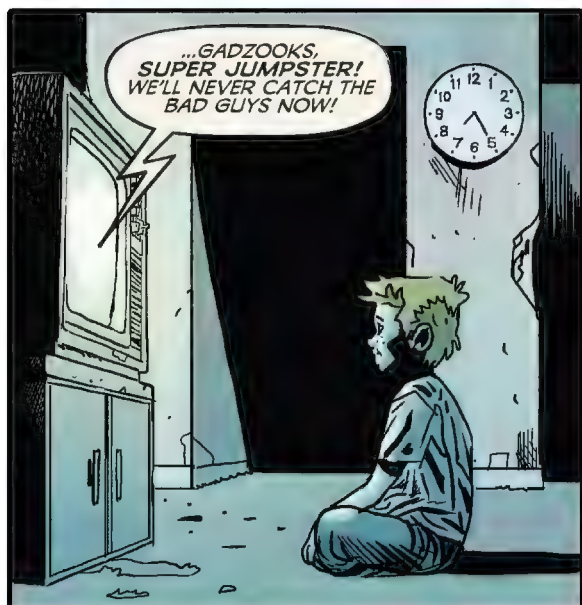
LOOK, I KNOW
EVERYTHING'S
DIFFERENT
SINCE YOUR
MOM LEFT...

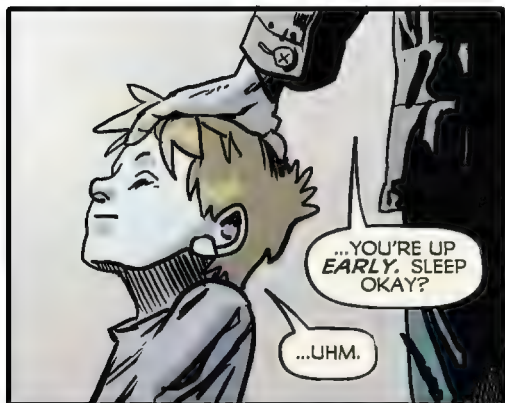
I--I
CAN'T
AFFORD A
SITTER, SO
YOU'VE JUST
GOT TO BE
A BIG GUY
NOW.

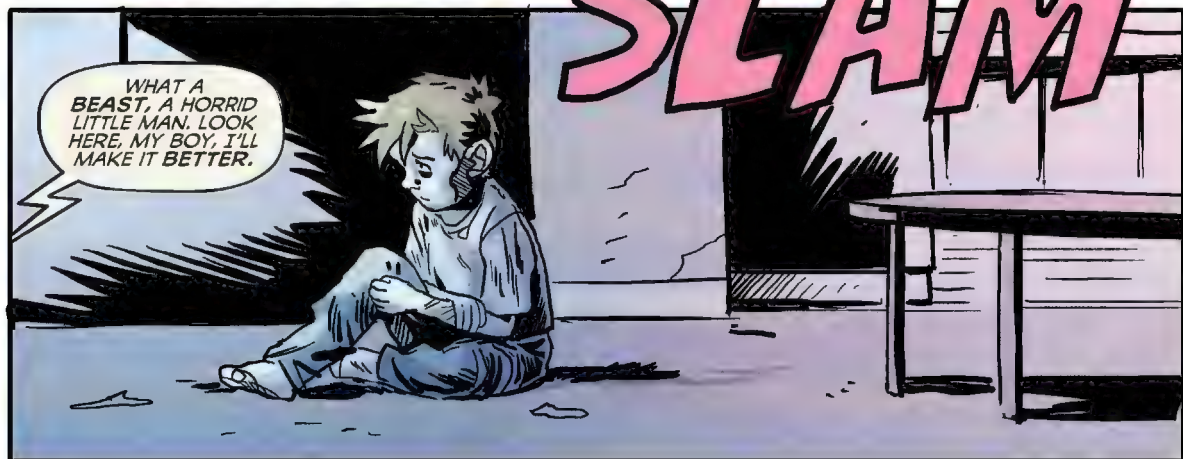
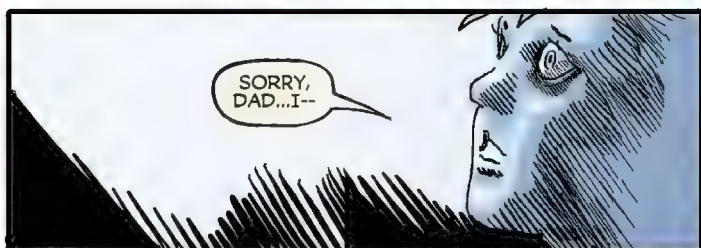
"I PROMISE."

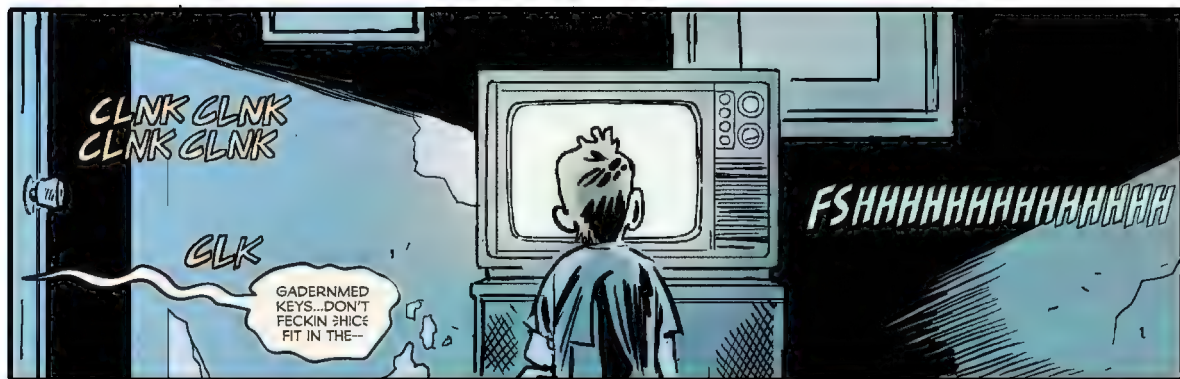
I'VE GOT
ONE MORE
WEEK OF
NIGHT SHIFTS,
AND THEN
THINGS'LL BE
EASIER.

CLIK

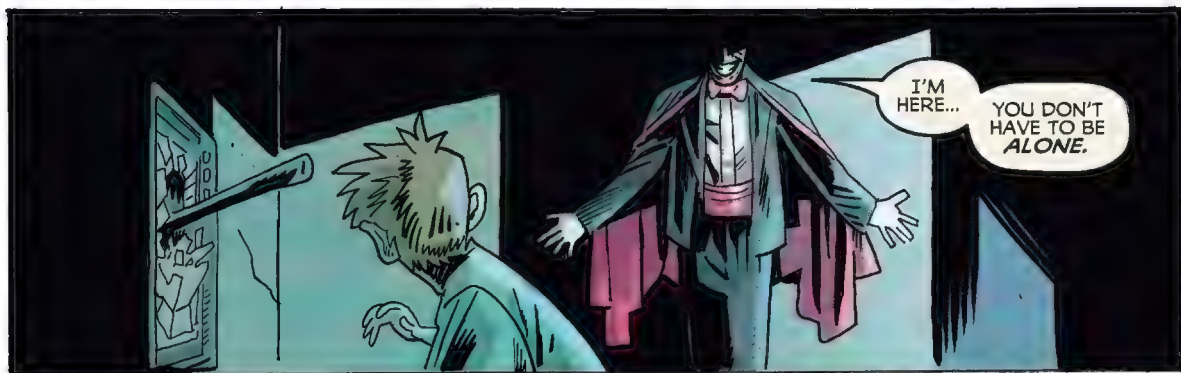












I'M
HERE...

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO BE
ALONE.



YOU CAN
WATCH MY
SHOW **ALL**
THE TIME!

YOU'LL
NEVER HAVE
TO **STOP**
WATCHING IT.

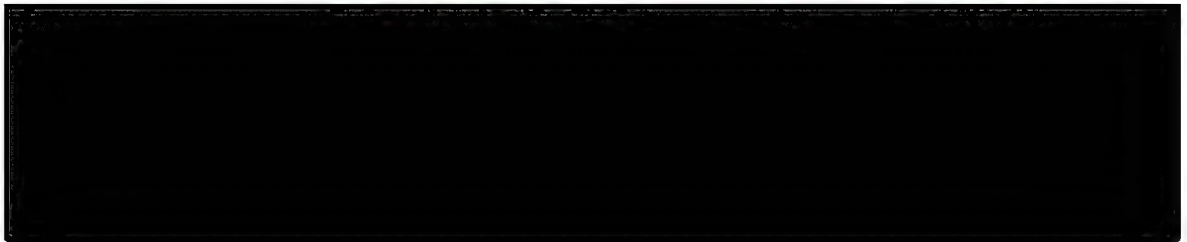
I'D JUST
ASK YOU FOR
ONE EENSY
WEENSY, TEENY
TINY LITTLE
THING.

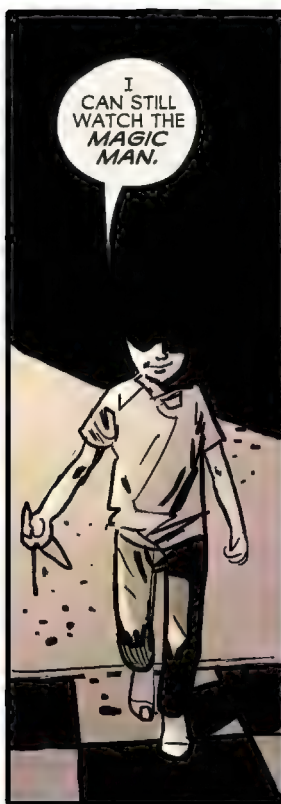
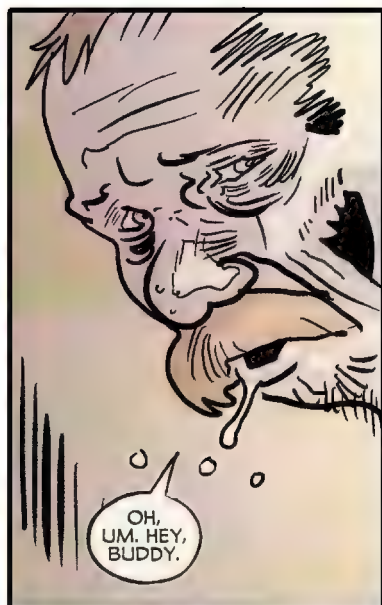
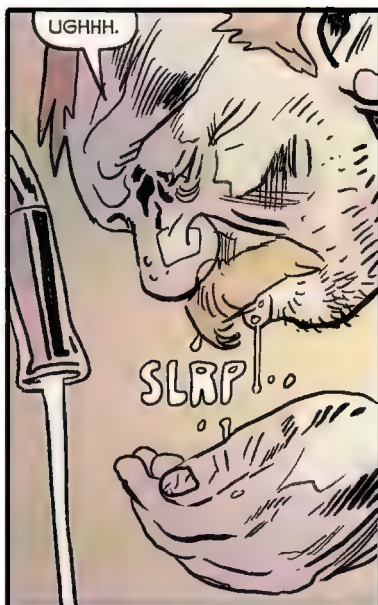


BUT...
I DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING TO
GIVE YOU?

OH, BUT
YOU **DO**,
CHILD...

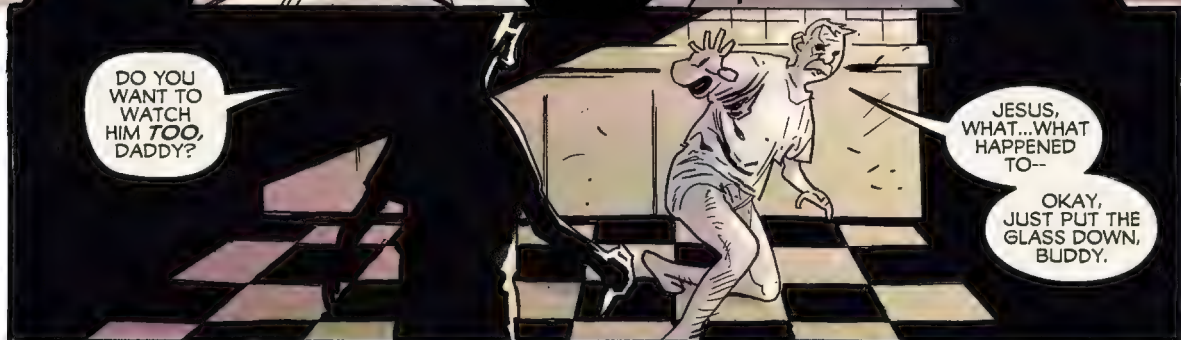
...YOU
DO.







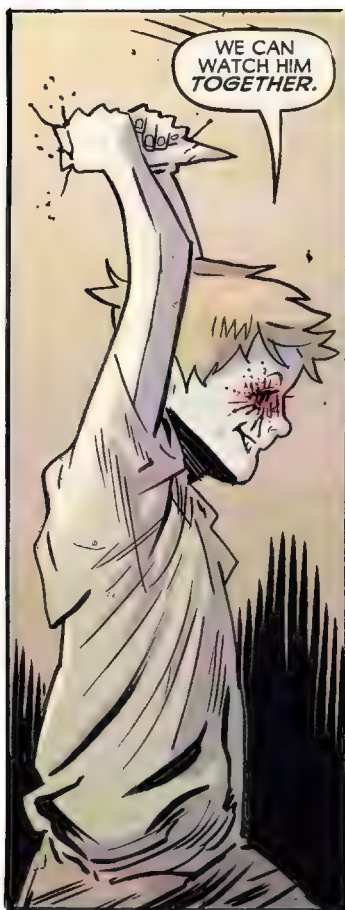
...I'M
WATCHING
HIM RIGHT
NOW.



DO YOU
WANT TO
WATCH
HIM TOO,
DADDY?

JESUS,
WHAT...WHAT
HAPPENED
TO--

OKAY,
JUST PUT THE
GLASS DOWN,
BUDDY.



WE CAN
WATCH HIM
TOGETHER.



NO.

ISN'T IT
BEAUTIFUL?
THE SWEET SOUNDS
OF A FATHER AND SON
FINALLY GETTING
SOME *QUALITY*
BONDING TIME,
HEH HEH.

IKSPATTHK
THKTHUK



AS FOR THAT
DASTARDLY "MAGIC
MAN"...KEEP THOSE EYES
ON YOUR TELEVISION, AND
YOU MIGHT JUST CATCH HIM
AND HIS SKITTERING LITTLE
BUDDY WHEN YOU LEAST
EXPECT IT, HEH HEH
HAHAHAHAHA.

THE
END



"KEEP IT DOWN"

WRITER

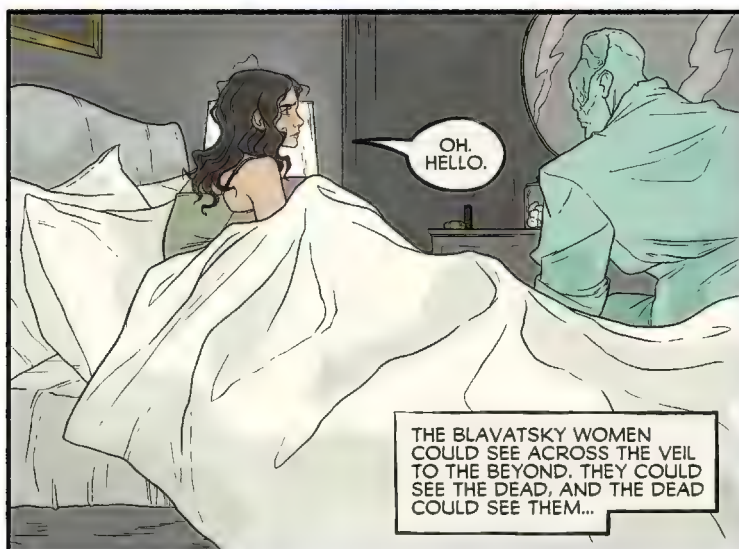
DAN WATTERS

ARTIST & COLORIST

ABIGAIL LARSON

LETTERER

PAT BROSSEAU



THE FIRST SPIRIT TOLD AMY OF THE BEYOND. OF THE HOWLING DARK THE DEAD FEARED TO LOOK INTO--AND THE BRIGHT LIGHTS THAT WOULD TAKE THEM WHEN THEY WERE READY TO GO.

SHE SHIVERED, ENRAPPED, KNOWING HOW PRIVILEGED SHE WAS TO GLIMPSE BEYOND OUR MORTAL KEN.

THE GHOSTS TOLD AMY OF THEIR LIVES. OF TIMES LONG PAST AND THE REGRETS AND FEARS THAT KEPT THEM TETHERED TO THIS PLANE.

SHE EMPATHIZED AND SYMPATHIZED AND MADE ALL THE RIGHT NOISES IN ALL THE RIGHT PLACES.

BUT MORE OF THEM CAME. AND THEY KEPT TELLING HER THINGS...

...AND THEY WOULD NOT STOP.

AMY LISTENED TO THE TALES OF GHOSTS AS SHE ATE HER TOAST IN THE MORNING. SHE WAS REGALED WITH UNWANTED DRIVING TIPS AS SHE MADE HER WAY TO WORK.

DATES WERE RUINED BY A CACOPHONY OF SPIRITS, INDIGNANT SHE WAS SO CLEARLY TRYING TO IGNORE THEM.



SHE DID HER BEST TO LISTEN. SHE REALLY DID.



AND THEN, EVENTUALLY, SHE DID HER BEST NOT TO.



BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE VOICES OF GHOSTS TO THE SENSITIVE EAR. THEY CUT THROUGH EARPLUGS.

THROUGH MUSIC AND THE SOUND OF TRAFFIC AND EVEN SLEEP.

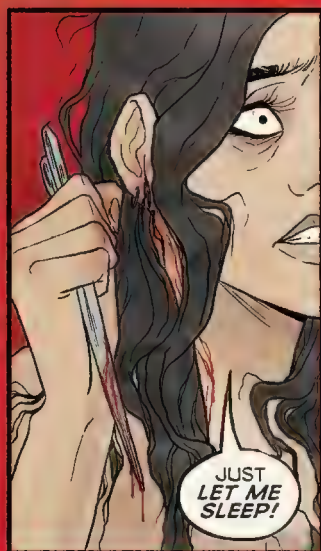


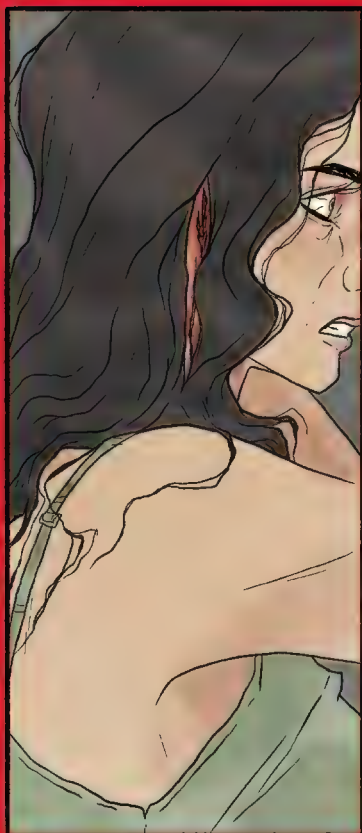
SOMETHING THAT SAYS "OH NO—"

"I FEEL LIKE THE WORLD IS A BIG, LUDICROUS, UNSTABLE MACHINE."

"I FEEL LIKE THE WORLD IS A BIG, LUDICROUS, UNSTABLE MACHINE."

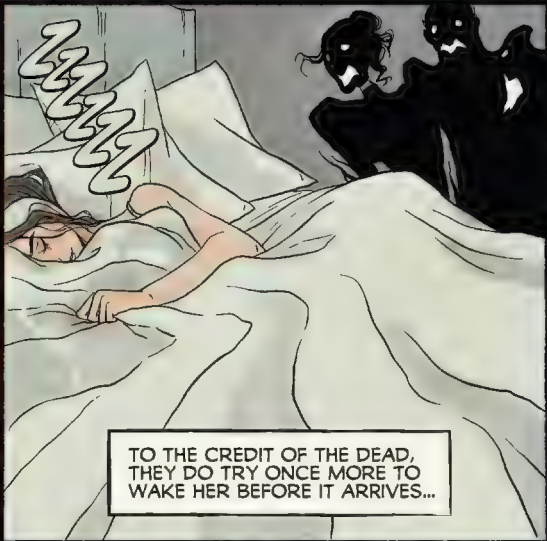
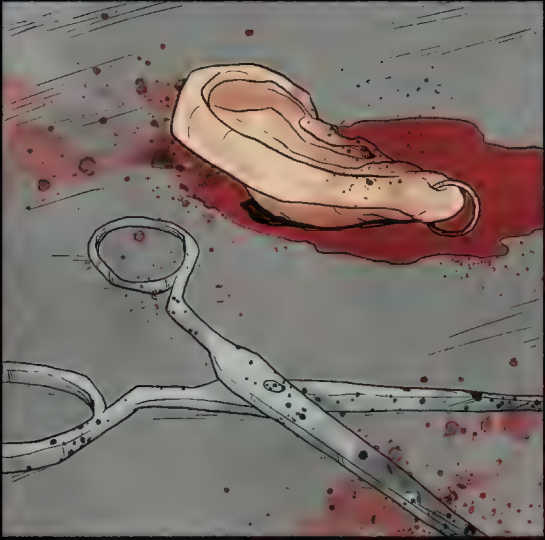
AND THEY DO NOT STOP.

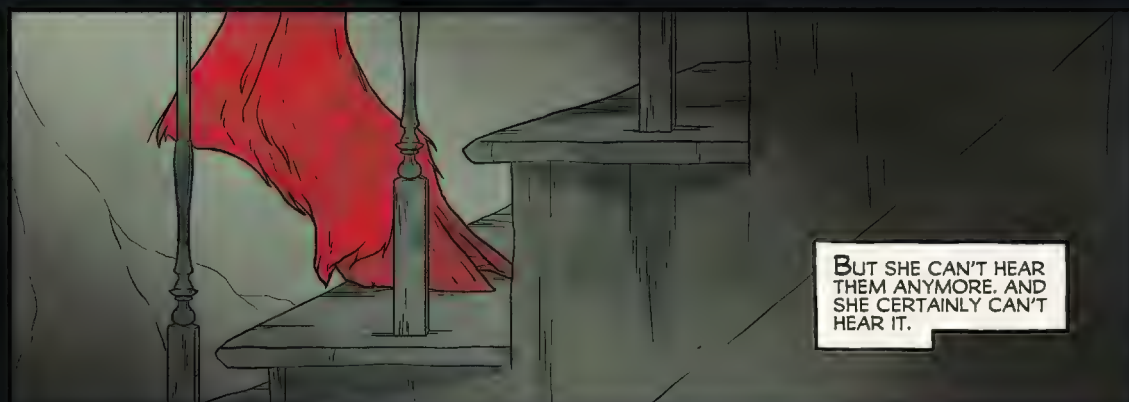




THE PAIN
WAS A SMALL
PRICE TO PAY
FOR THE
SILENCE.

THE SLEEP SHE FINALLY FELL INTO WAS DEEP,
AND DREAMLESS, AND OH SO GRATEFUL.





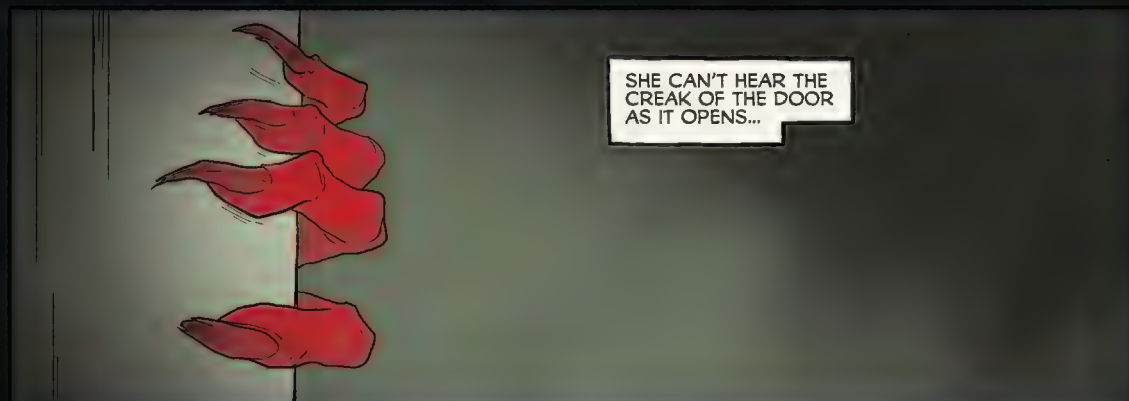
BUT SHE CAN'T HEAR THEM ANYMORE, AND SHE CERTAINLY CAN'T HEAR IT.



SHE CAN'T HEAR ITS CLAWS, SCRAPING AS THEY ARE UPON THE WALLS.



SHE CAN'T HEAR THE PHLEGMY RATTLING BETWEEN ITS FANGS.



SHE CAN'T HEAR THE CREAK OF THE DOOR AS IT OPENS...



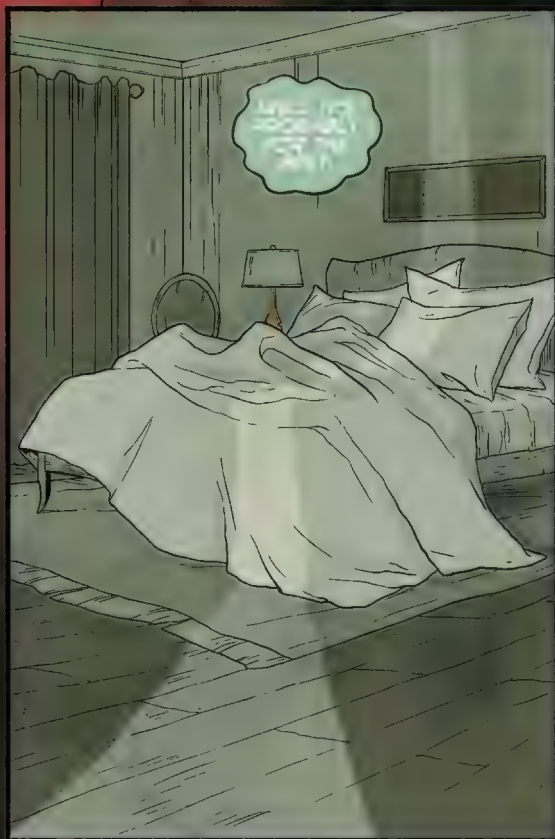
ALAS.



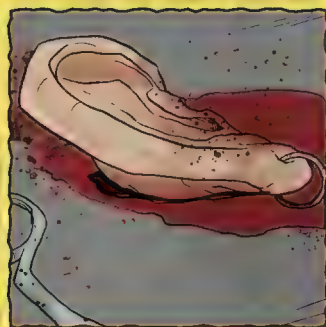
AMY CAN'T EVEN
HEAR HER OWN
YELP OF TERROR.



SHE CAN'T HEAR THE
BEAST TELL HER THAT
IT JUST WANTS TO
SLEEP--THAT IT'S
HAD ITS FILL OF HER
SATAN-DAMNED
SNORING.







**"ETERNITY, ETERNITY,
ETERNITY"**

WRITER, ARTIST & LETTERER
ZOE THOROGOOD

ETERNITY

ETERNITY

ETERNITY

STORY THAT'S
MAKE YOU GRATEFUL
PENDING DEATH!

WELCOME TO--

HE'D CLIMBED UP MRS BROWN'S OLD SHED TO CHASE SOME CAT, ONLY TO FALL THROUGH THE ROOF AND GET IMPALED ON A GARDEN FORK.

LIFE IS CRUEL. I
DECIDED THAT WHEN
IT TOOK RUFUS.

HE'D CLIMBED UP MRS BROWN'S OLD SHED TO CHASE SOME CAT, ONLY TO FALL THROUGH THE ROOF AND GET IMPALED ON A GARDEN FORK.

LIFE ISN'T FAIR. I DECIDED THAT WHEN THE EARTHQUAKE TORE MY LAB APART, AND TOOK DANIEL WITH IT.

A close-up, high-contrast illustration of a woman's face. She has dark, messy hair and is looking downwards with a pained expression. Her eyes are squeezed shut, and there are visible tears or sweat on her skin. Her mouth is open in a gasp or cry. The style is reminiscent of comic book art, with heavy black lines and a limited color palette.

EVERHEAL H

ALMOST ALL MY RESEARCH HAD BEEN DESTROYED. LIFE HAD NOTICED ME, AND HAD ISSUED ITS WARNING.

LIFE IS TO BE BEATEN.
I DECIDED THAT ONCE I
HIT MY BREAKTHROUGH.



THE EARLY DAYS WERE MY FAVOURITE.



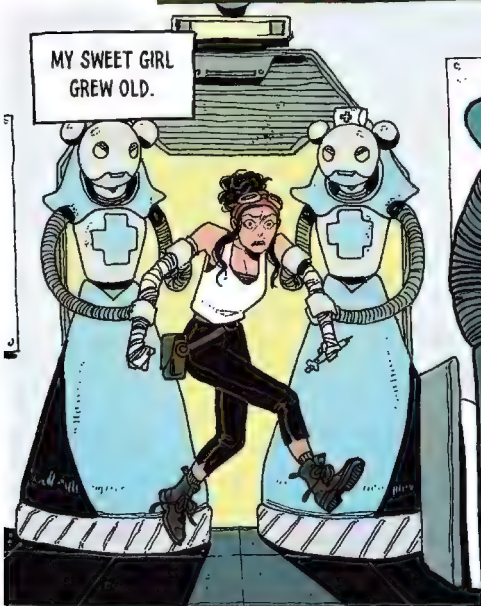
I WITNESSED THE BOLDEST AND BRIGHTEST OF HUMANITY FIGHT BACK AGAINST LIFE.



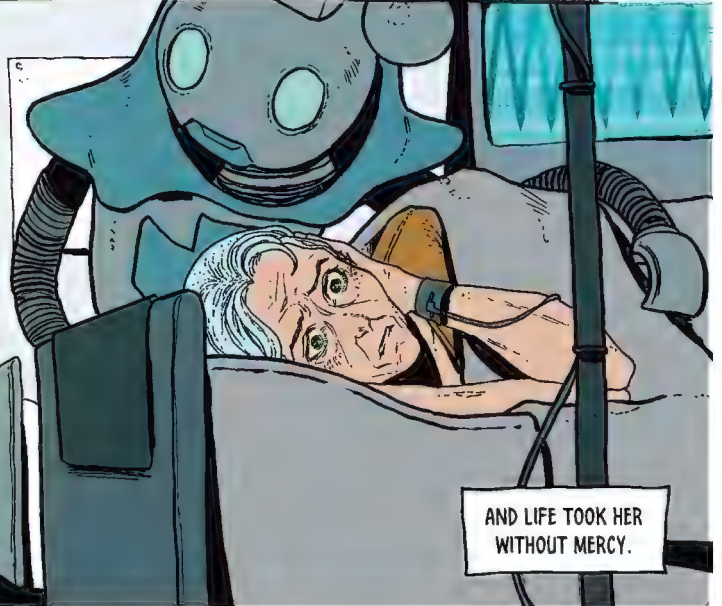
BUT I HADN'T WON.



AS MUCH AS I FOUGHT, I COULDN'T GET THE SERUM TO WORK AGAIN. THE NATURAL RESOURCES I NEEDED HAD BEEN EXHAUSTED AND NOTHING I TRIED WAS USABLE.



MY SWEET GIRL GREW OLD.



AND LIFE TOOK HER WITHOUT MERCY.



LIFE WOULD LET ME
EXPERIENCE JOY
AGAIN AND AGAIN--



-- JUST TO STEAL
IT AWAY.



LOVE WAS THE
CARROT, AND LIFE
WAS THE STICK.

I VOWED TO NEVER
BE TRICKED BY
THAT NECTAR AGAIN.



I TOOK OUT ONE
OF MY EYES AS
A REMINDER.

IT MADE SENSE
AT THE TIME.

AS I PASSED MY 700TH BIRTHDAY I HAD
WITNESSED AS MANY WARS AS I HAD FINGERS,
WHICH WAS APPROXIMATELY SIX AFTER THE
WAR OF LOCUSTS HAD TAKEN MY ARM.



BY THAT POINT MEDICINE WASN'T
EASY TO COME BY NOR CREATE. LIFE
HAD TAKEN THE LIVES OF THE OTHER
SUFFERERS--BUT NOT ME.



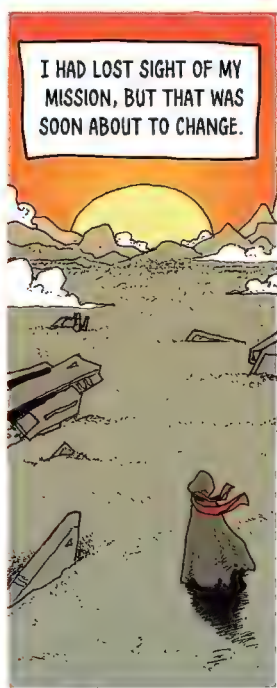
THE PAIN WAS
UNBEARABLE
FOR THE FIRST
FEW MONTHS.



AFTER A FEW YEARS I
BECAME ACCLIMATED
TO THE INSECTS
UNDER MY SKIN.



I HAD LOST SIGHT OF MY
MISSION, BUT THAT WAS
SOON ABOUT TO CHANGE.

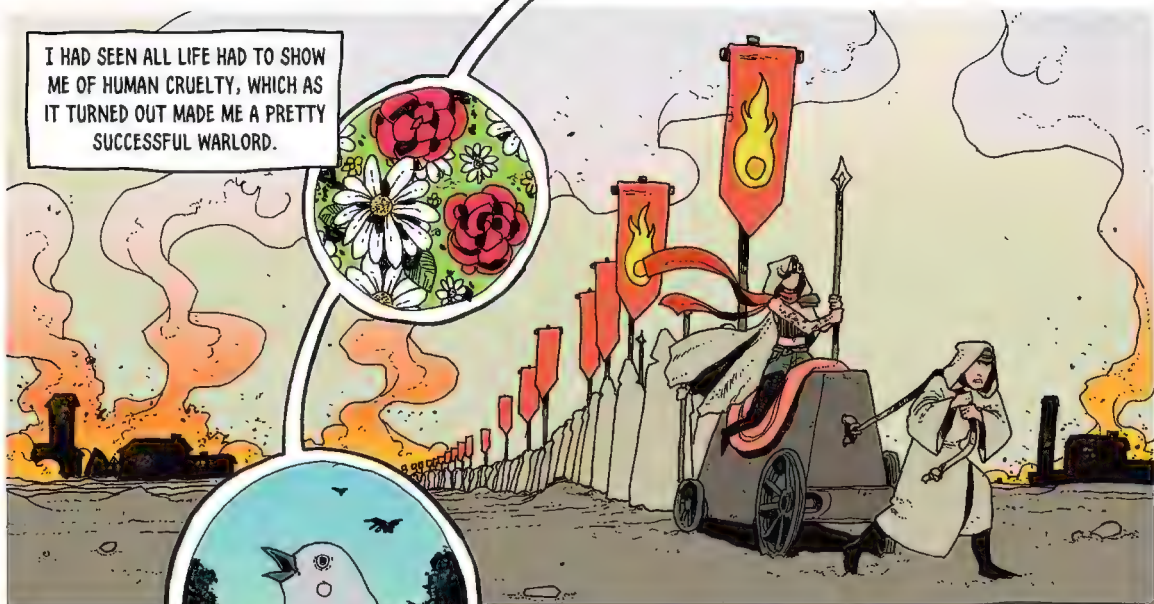




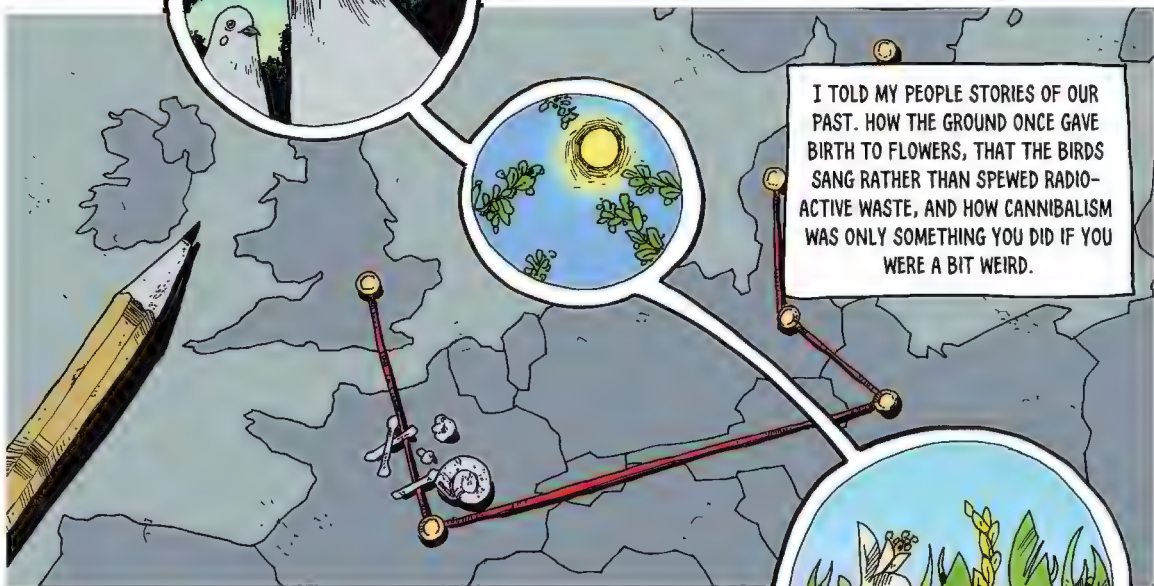
AS I TRAVELLED SOUTH, I WAS CAPTURED BY
THE SPIRIT OF FLAMES. IT APPEARED THAT
SURVIVING THEIR SACRIFICIAL RITUAL WAS
ENOUGH TO CONVINCE THEM OF MY GODHOOD.

THAT WAS WHEN I HAD MY NEXT
EPIPHANY-- I WASN'T MEANT
TO HELP OTHERS LIVE FOREVER,
I WAS SUPPOSED TO LIVE FOREVER
SO I COULD SHOW *THEM* THE WAY.

I HAD SEEN ALL LIFE HAD TO SHOW ME OF HUMAN CRUELTY, WHICH AS IT TURNED OUT MADE ME A PRETTY SUCCESSFUL WARLORD.



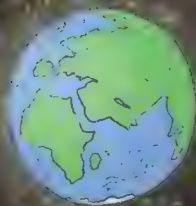
I TOLD MY PEOPLE STORIES OF OUR PAST. HOW THE GROUND ONCE GAVE BIRTH TO FLOWERS, THAT THE BIRDS SANG RATHER THAN SPEWED RADIO-ACTIVE WASTE, AND HOW CANNIBALISM WAS ONLY SOMETHING YOU DID IF YOU WERE A BIT WEIRD.



WE WERE GOING TO RETURN OUR WORLD TO PEACE, BUT FIRST WE HAD TO RID IT OF ANYONE WHO WOULD GET IN OUR WAY.



BY THE TIME THE WORLD
WAS MINE, MY WOUNDS
HAD BECOME UNBEARABLE.



THE FIRE HAD KILLED THE
LOCUSTS, BUT MY TEETH
HAD ROTTED THROUGH.



MY SKIN WOULD PEEL
OFF AND GROW BACK
OVER AND OVER AGAIN.



I HAD BEEN LEADING MY PEOPLE FOR
MILLENNIA. THEY CYCLED OUT, BUT WE
KEPT A STRICT BREEDING SCHEDULE
TO KEEP THE MANPOWER AT A LEVEL
THAT WAS BOTH STRONG AND
MANAGEABLE.



SOMETIMES THERE WERE
REVOLTS, BUT THEY WERE
EASILY STAMPED OUT.

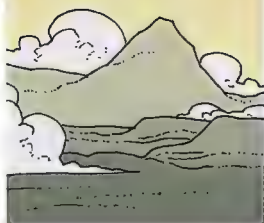


THE WORLD
WAS MINE...

...UNTIL THE TOXIC
DUST STORM SEVERAL
CYCLES LATER.



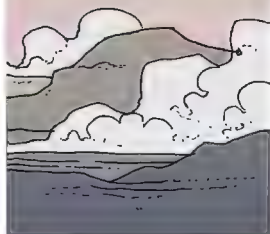
MY FINAL
PUNISHMENT.



I SEARCHED
FOR SOMEONE--
FOR ANYONE.



BUT IT SOON
BECAME CLEAR THAT
ONLY I REMAINED.



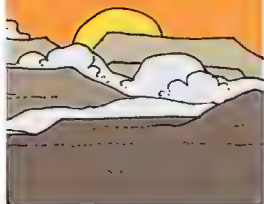
LIFE'S FINAL
PUNCH WAS
STRONGER
THAN PAIN.



IT WAS
STRONGER
THAN LOSS.



IT WAS
LONELINESS.



I MISSED
MY LOCUSTS.





WITH NOTHING
LEFT, I BEGAN TO
DECONSTRUCT.



LIFE HAD WON.



"FREE ME! FREE
ME!" I SCREAMED.



BUT NO ONE
WAS LISTENING.



I LAY ON THE ASH
COVERED WASTELAND
I ONCE CALLED HOME.



I WAITED FOR THE SUN TO DIE.
I WAITED FOR THE UNIVERSE
TO FOLD IN ON ITSELF.



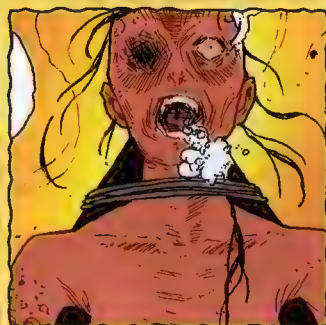
FOR *THAT*--THAT
WOULD SURELY END
THIS NIGHTMARE.

BUT I AM STILL
HERE. AND I
AM SO BORED.

LIFE IS
SHORT...

BUT AT LEAST
IT ISN'T
FOREVER!

The "End"...



"SACRIFICES"

WRITER

JOEL FARRELLY

ARTIST

GORAN SUDŽUKA

COLORIST

IVE SVORCINA

LETTERER

PAT BROSEAU



AHOY, ME
MORBID MATIES!
TONIGHT'S SPOOKY
SEA SHANTY IS ABOUT
MY GUY, **EDDIE**.

YOU WANT
SOMETHING? EDDIE
CAN GET IT FOR YOU. IT
DOESN'T MATTER HOW RARE
OR "NOT FOR SALE" THAT
SOMETHING IS EITHER.

UNFORTUNATELY, EDDIE'S
LATEST GIG IS GOING TO COST HIM
A WHOLE LOT **MORE** THAN MONEY.
HE'S ABOUT TO LEARN THE TRUE
MEANING OF THE WORD...

SACRIFICES

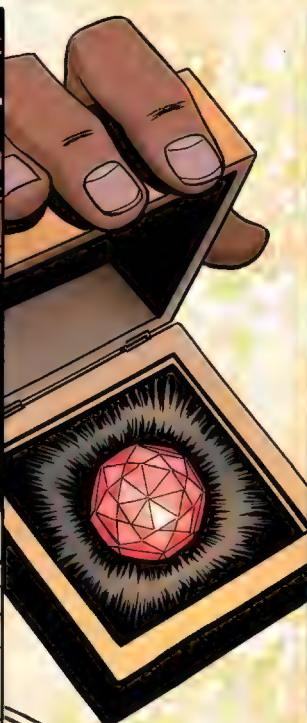


I PAY FOR YOUR
ACCOMMODATIONS ABOARD THIS
FLOATING GERM-FARM TO ENSURE A
CLANDESTINE EXCHANGE, I FOOT
THE BILL FOR ALL YOUR EXPENSES, AND
STILL YOU HAVE THE AUDACITY
TO MAKE ME WAIT?!



I WAS LED TO
BELIEVE YOU WERE A
PROFESSIONAL.

I GOT THE DAMN
THING, DIDN'T I? AND
AS SOON AS MY MAN IN
SWITZERLAND CONFIRMS
THE TRANSFER...



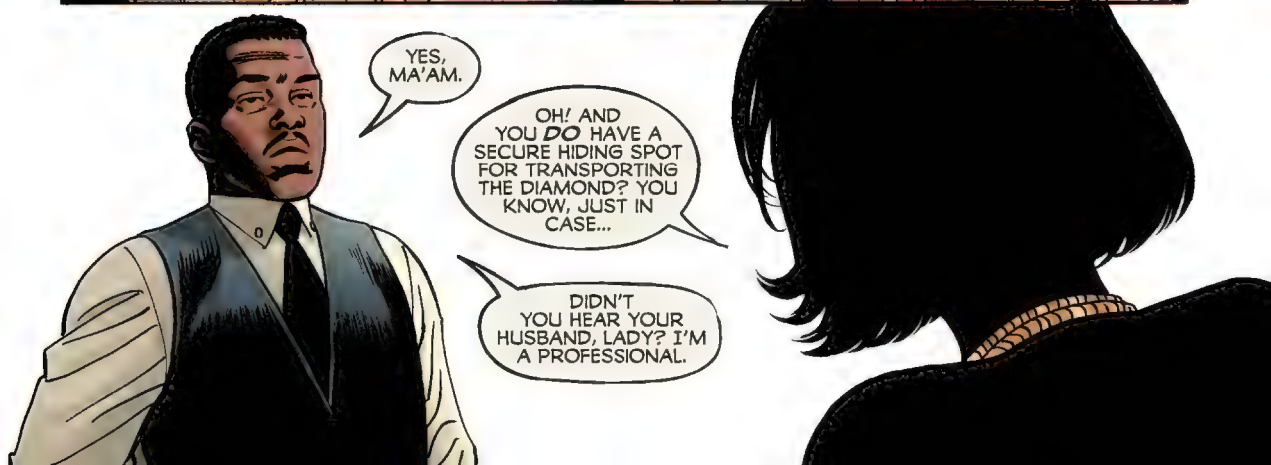
I'LL
HAND HER
OVER.

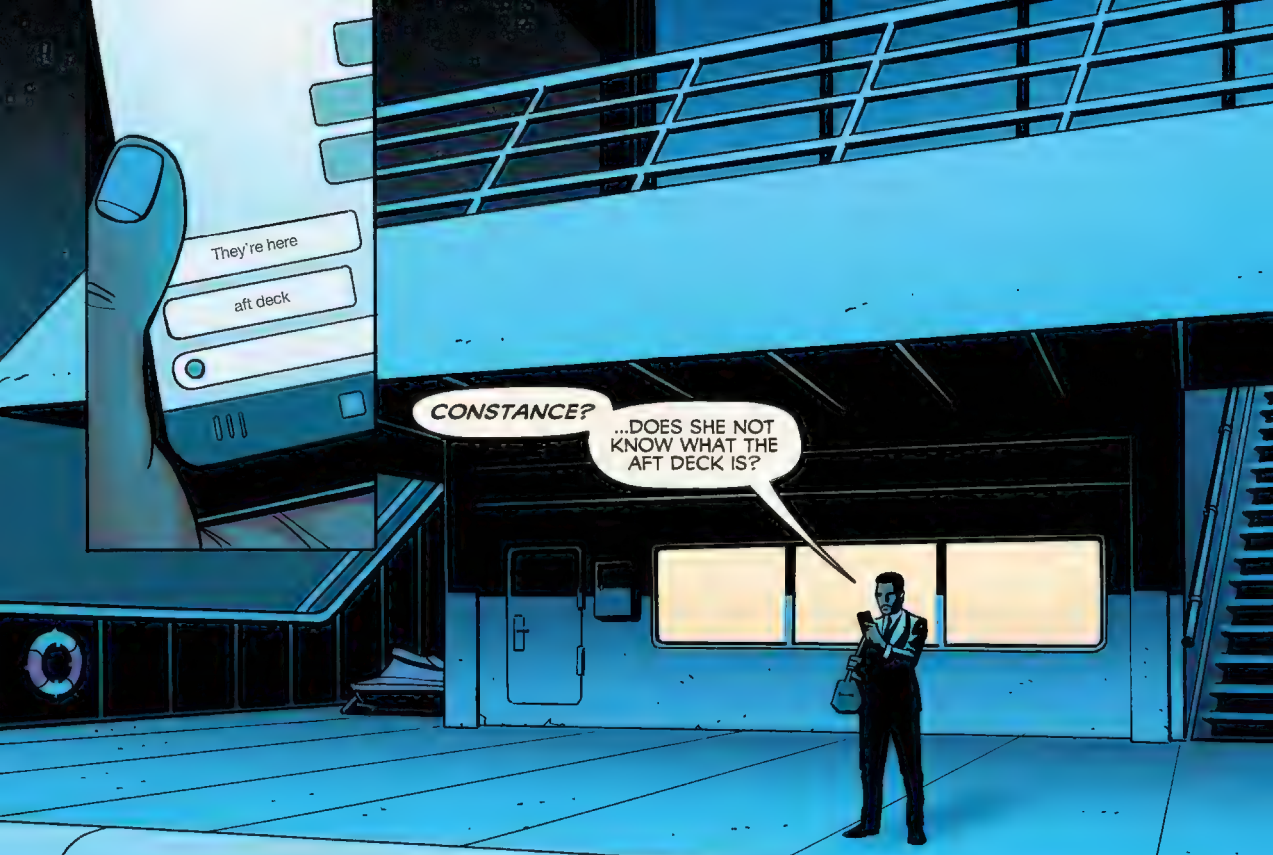


THE TERMS WERE **VERY
CLEAR**. I WAS PROMISED I
WOULD BE IN POSSESSION OF
THE DIAMOND BY
MIDNIGHT TONIGHT!

JESUS, **BERKMAN**,
RELAX. THE CONFIRMATION
IS GONNA TAKE HALF AN
HOUR TOPS.

REALLY,
SWEETIE...





CONSTANCE?

...DOES SHE NOT
KNOW WHAT THE
AFT DECK IS?



WHAT
THE...?

YOU TWO HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT
YOU'RE MESSING
WITH HERE.



BERKMAN...
WHY DO YOU
HAVE A GUN TO
YOUR WIFE'S
HEAD?

DO YOU
THINK MEN
LIKE ME GET
THIS RICH OFF
HARD WORK?!
WE MAKE
SACRIFICES,
EDWARD!

AND I
MEAN LITERAL
SACRIFICES TO
BEINGS WHOSE POWER
AND DEPRAVITY ARE
AS INCOMPREHENSIBLE
AS THE FORMS IN
WHICH THEY INHABIT
THIS WORLD!



OH GOD,
NO! HE'S ALREADY
UPON US! QUICK,
THROW THE DIAMOND
OVERBOARD WHILE
THERE'S STILL
TIME!

WHAT?!
DON'T!



I
CAN'T!

YOU CAN
AND YOU
WILL!

NO, I
MEAN, LIKE
LITERALLY
I CAN'T!



I SWALLOWED IT!



...YOU
WHAT?

YEAH,
WELL, I
MEAN...





WHO
IS ABBEY
GWAR?

WHO CARES? THE BUYER
IS WAITING. WE'RE NOT
THAT FAR FROM SHORE.
I SAW SOME *JET
SKIS* BACK THIS--



THAT IS
AG'BIKNOIR.

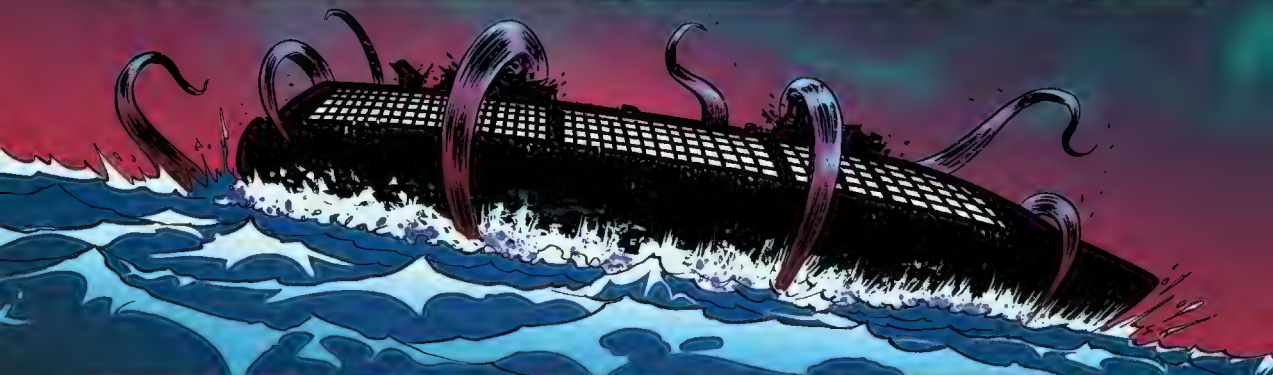


KNOW WHY RED
DIAMONDS ARE SO *RARE*,
EDWARD? BECAUSE I'VE SPENT
THE PAST THREE DECADES
SACRIFICING EVERY ONE I COULD
FIND TO AG'BIKNOIR HERE.
HE'S QUITE *OBSESSED*.

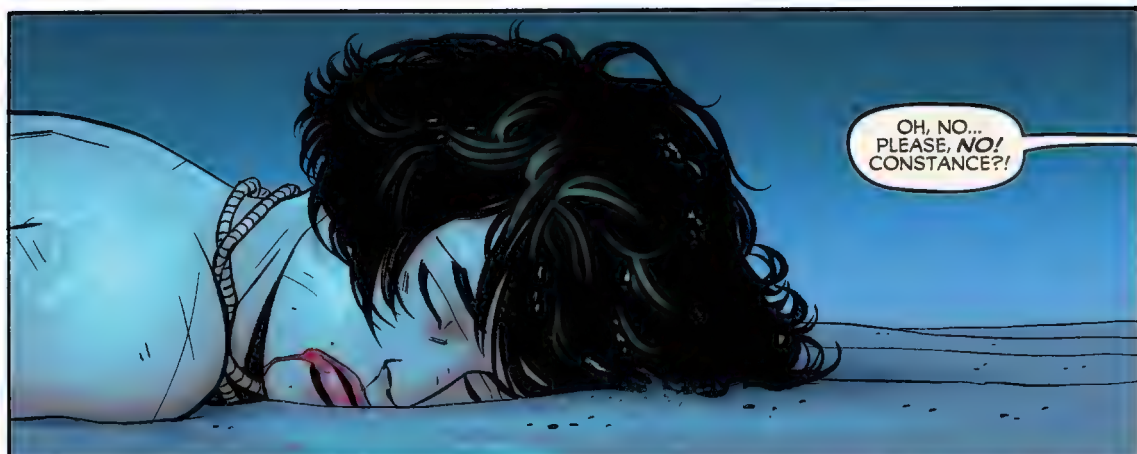
I GUESS EVEN *COSMIC
ABOMINATIONS* AREN'T WITHOUT
THEIR VICES. OH, AND FYI, THE ONE
CURRENTLY SITTING IN YOUR *GUT*?



HE CAN
SMELL IT!







OH, NO...
PLEASE, *NO!*
CONSTANCE?!



CONSTANCE!

WHA--?

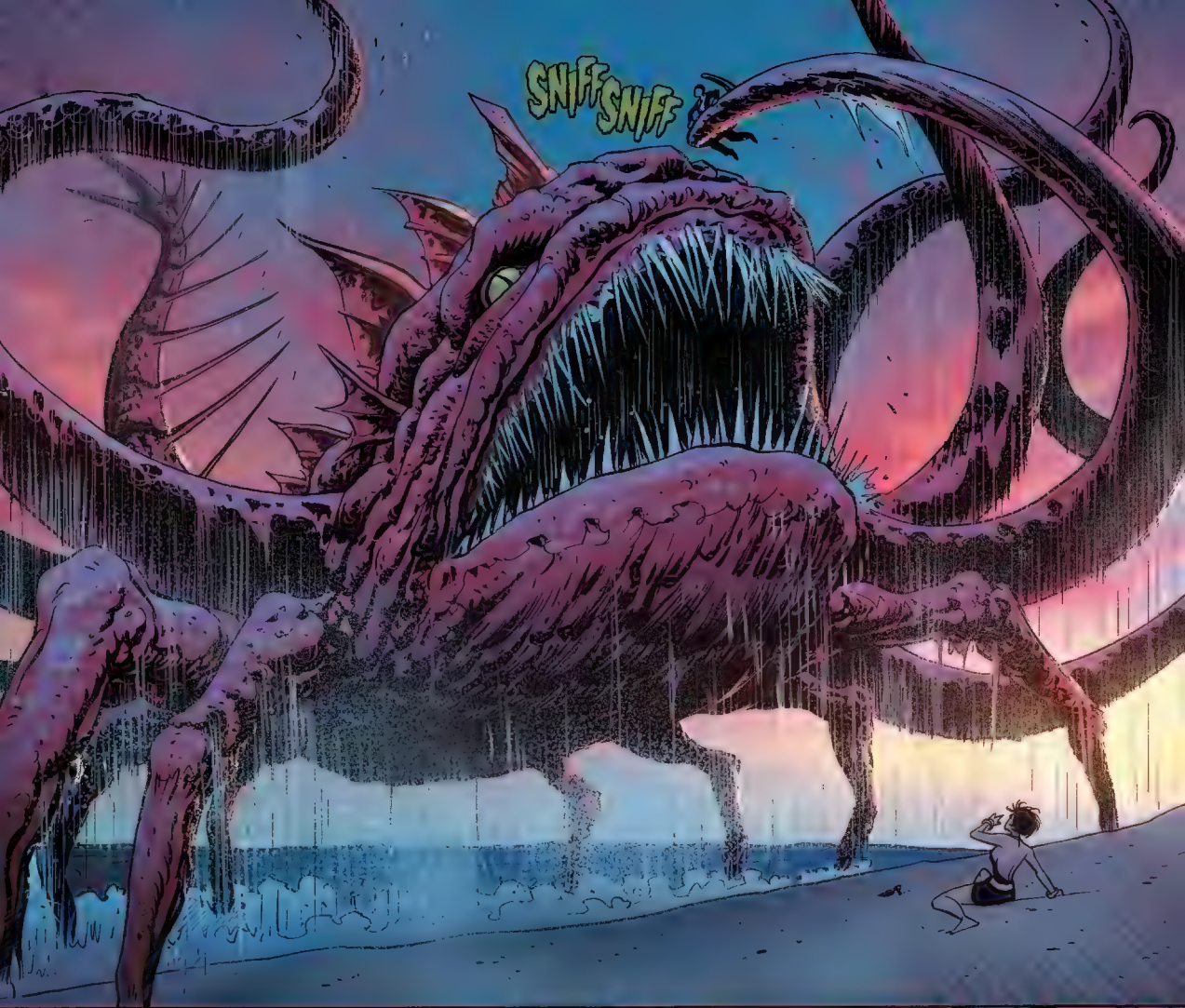
OH,
THANK
GOD.



WE
MADE
IT.



WELL,
DON'T
LOOK TOO
HAPPY TO
SEE ME.



SNIFF SNIFF



AAAAHHH!

AAA-M M RH!

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE PORT OF CALL FOR OUR OLD PAL, EDWARD. OR, AS THE FRENCH WOULD SAY...

FIN!



"KILLER CART CORRAL"

WRITER & ARTIST

NICK DRAGOTTA

COLORIST

JEAN-FRANCOIS BEAULIEU

LETTERER

PAT BROSSEAU



GOOD MARROW,
YOU PERVERTS OF PULP.
RUN ANY ERRANDS LATELY?
I ALWAYS SHOP AT THE **BIG
BOX SUPERSTORE**. IT'S WHERE
I GET MY NAILS DONE AND BUY
ALL MY SHOVELS. BUT WHEN
YOU LEAVE, DON'T FORGET TO
RETURN YOUR CART
TO THE...

KILLER CART CORRAL



THANKS
FOR COMING
WITH ME,
BILLY. YOU'RE
SUCH A GOOD
HELPER.

MMM
≡CRUNCH≡
OF COURSE.
≡CRUNCH≡ NO
PROBLEM,
MA.

HONEY, WHERE'D YOU GET
THAT? I DON'T REMEMBER
BUYING IT.

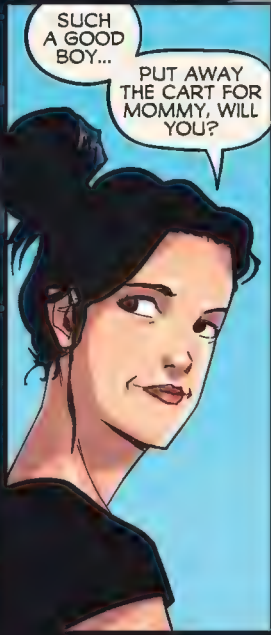
MMMM
≡CRUNCH≡
OH, I GOT
A JOB.

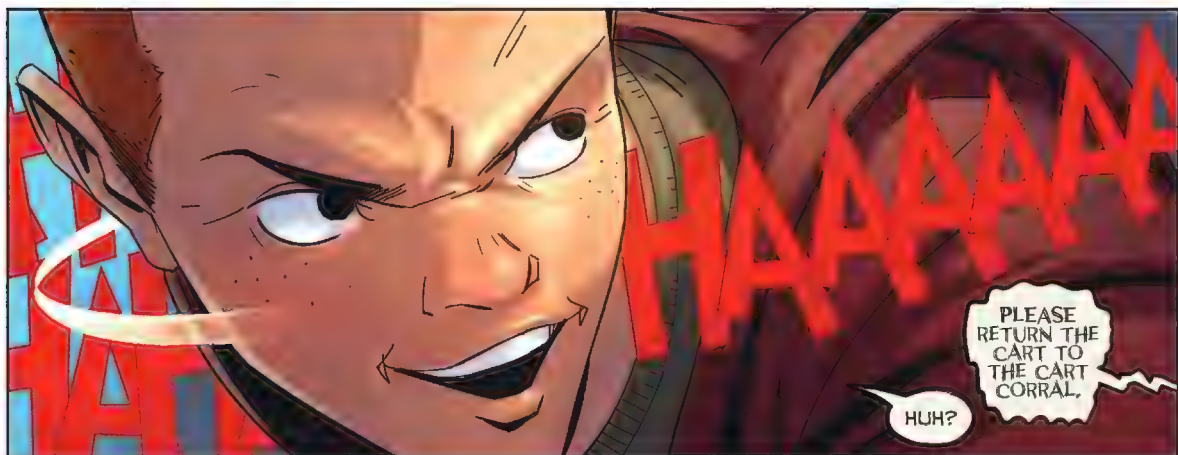
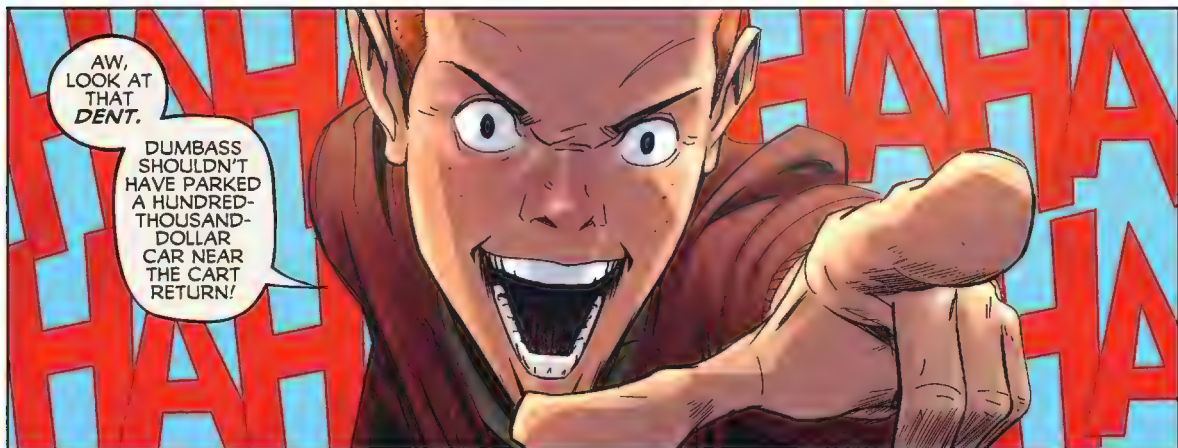
TUTORING
OTHER KIDS.
JUST BEING A **GOOD
HELPER**, LIKE
YOU SAID.

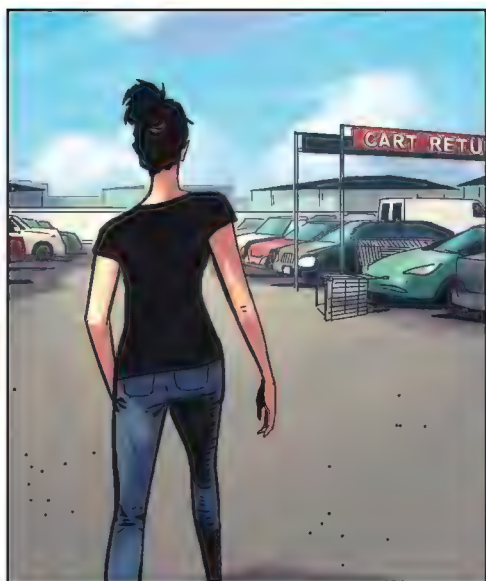
OUR TEACHERS
ARE USELESS, MA. I
GUESS IT'S TRUE,
THOSE WHO CAN'T
DO, TEACH.

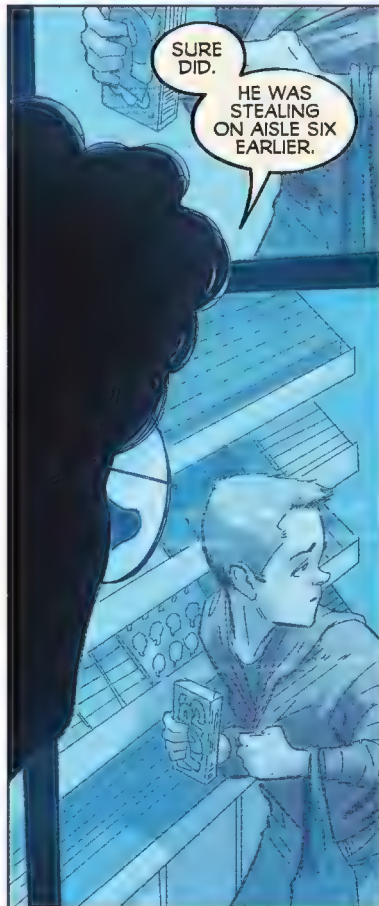
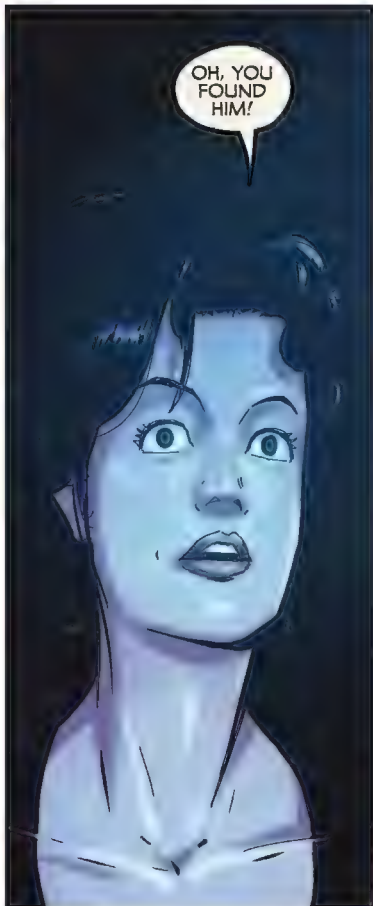
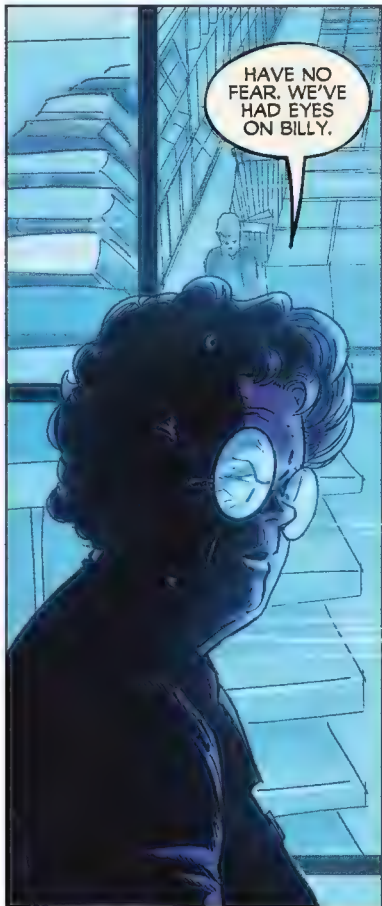
SUCH
A GOOD
BOY...

PUT AWAY
THE CART FOR
MOMMY, WILL
YOU?













YOU
KNOW...I USED
TO HAVE A SON,
TOO.

HE WORKED
HERE AT THE BIG
BOX...THE FINEST CART
ATTENDANT TO EVER
GRACE OUR LOT.

SUCH A
GOOD
HELPER.



BUT THEN SOME IDIOT
WHO WASN'T PAYING
ATTENTION *STRUCK*
HIM WITH THEIR CAR,
SWERVING TO AVOID
AN *ABANDONED*
CART.

MY POOR
DOUGANS.

OH,
GOD...



AH...
THERE'S
YOUR
BILLY.



BILLY?!



HE'S JUST
PLAYING A
GAME OF *HIDE*
AND *SEEK*.

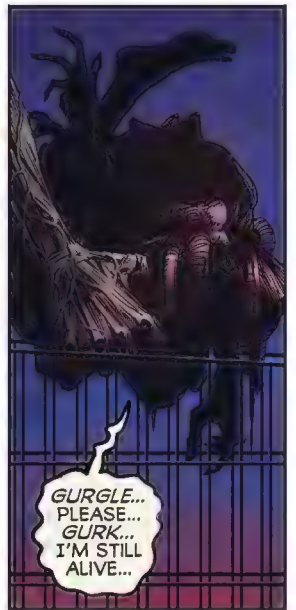
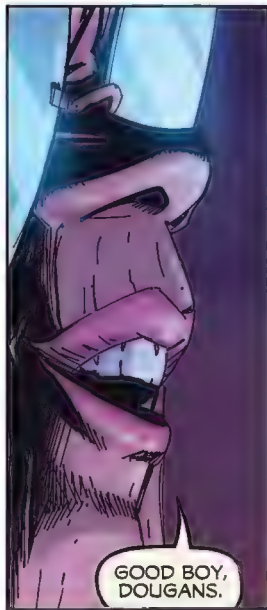
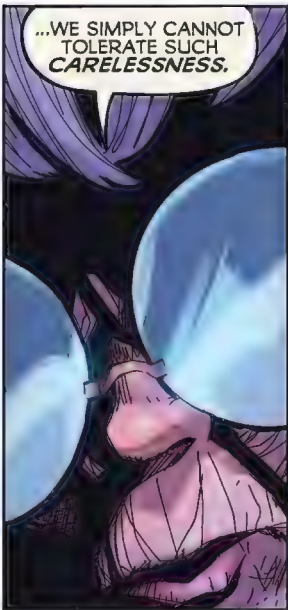
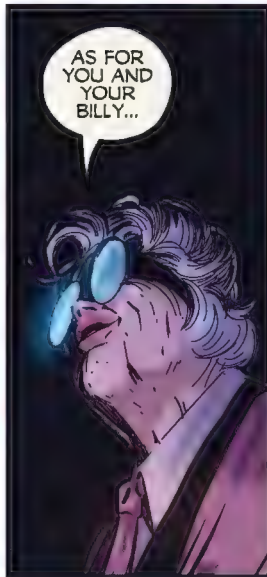
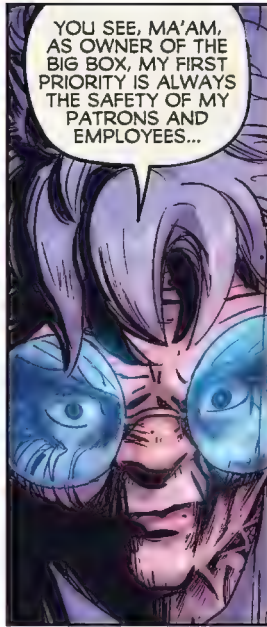
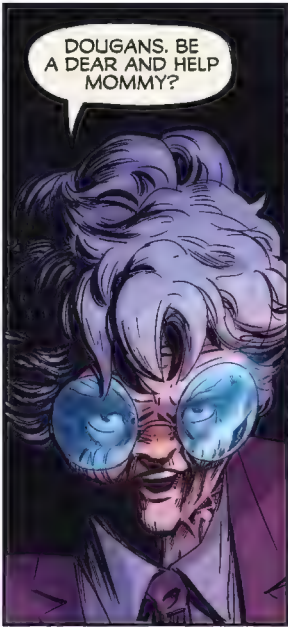




MY
SON.

DOUGANS.

PLEASE
RETURN THE
CART TO
THE CART
CORRAL,







"THE AMULET"

WRITER

ALISA KWITNEY

ARTIST

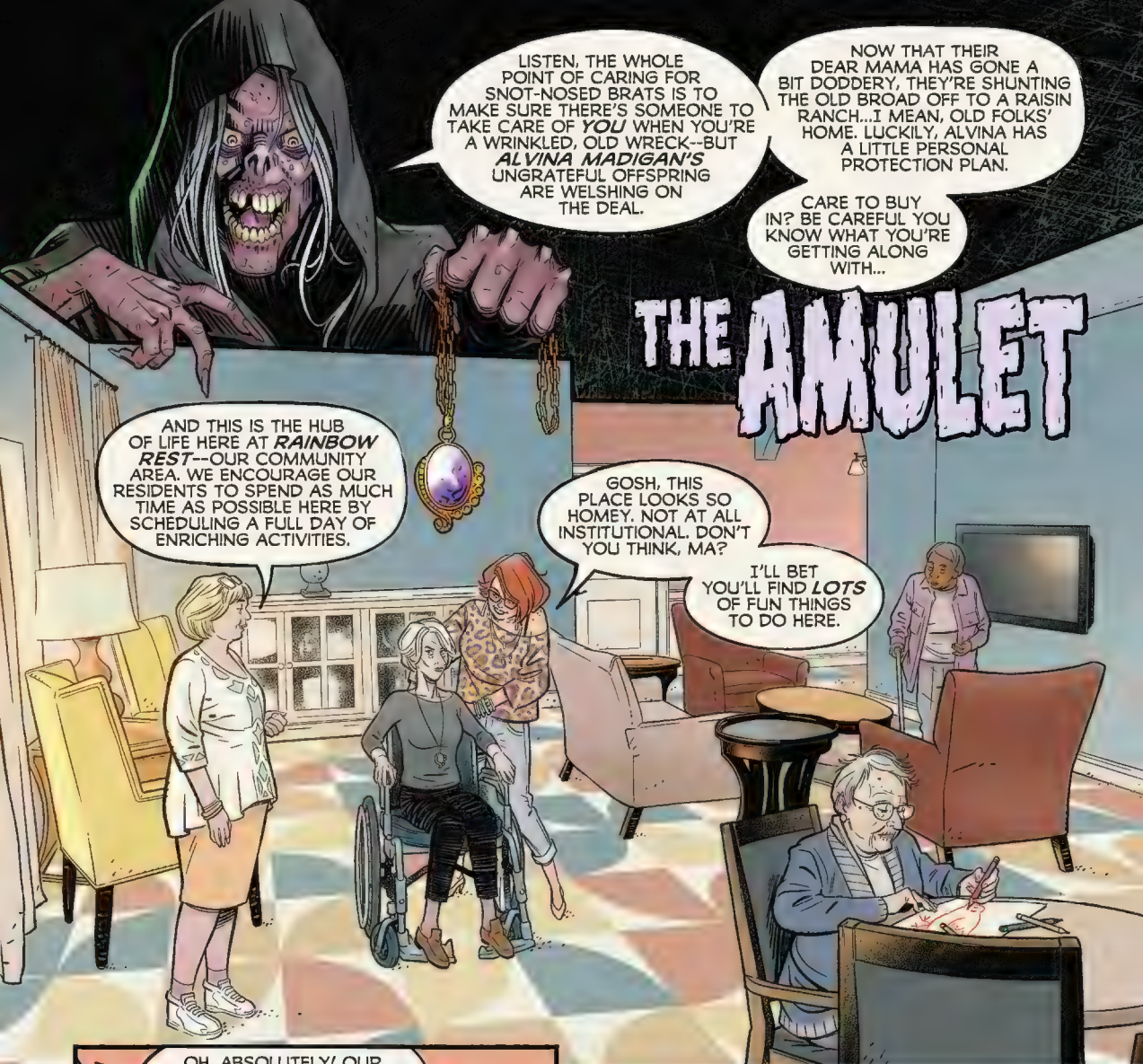
MAURICET

COLORIST

MIKE SPICER

LETTERER

PAT BROSSAU



LISTEN, THE WHOLE POINT OF CARING FOR SNOT-NOSED BRATS IS TO MAKE SURE THERE'S SOMEONE TO TAKE CARE OF *YOU* WHEN YOU'RE A WRINKLED, OLD WRECK--BUT **ALVINA MADIGAN'S** UNGRATEFUL OFFSPRING ARE WELSHING ON THE DEAL.

NOW THAT THEIR DEAR MAMA HAS GONE A BIT DODDERY, THEY'RE SHUNTING THE OLD BROAD OFF TO A RAISIN RANCH...I MEAN, OLD FOLKS' HOME. LUCKILY, ALVINA HAS A LITTLE PERSONAL PROTECTION PLAN.

CARE TO BUY IN? BE CAREFUL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTING ALONG WITH...

THE AMULET

AND THIS IS THE HUB OF LIFE HERE AT **RAINBOW REST**--OUR COMMUNITY AREA. WE ENCOURAGE OUR RESIDENTS TO SPEND AS MUCH TIME AS POSSIBLE HERE BY SCHEDULING A FULL DAY OF ENRICHING ACTIVITIES.

GOSH, THIS PLACE LOOKS SO HOMEY. NOT AT ALL INSTITUTIONAL. DON'T YOU THINK, MA?

I'LL BET YOU'LL FIND **LOTS** OF FUN THINGS TO DO HERE.

OH, ABSOLUTELY! OUR RESIDENTS ADORE BINGO GAMES, AND EVERY NIGHT WE PLAY A CLASSIC MOVIE FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF HOLLYWOOD!

I HAVE TO CHECK THE SCHEDULE TO BE SURE, BUT I BELIEVE IT'S GOING TO BE *THE SOUND OF MUSIC* TONIGHT.

THERE'S A **STAIN** ON THE CARPET.

OH, NO, I THINK THAT'S PART OF THE PATTERN.

IT'S **BLOOD.**



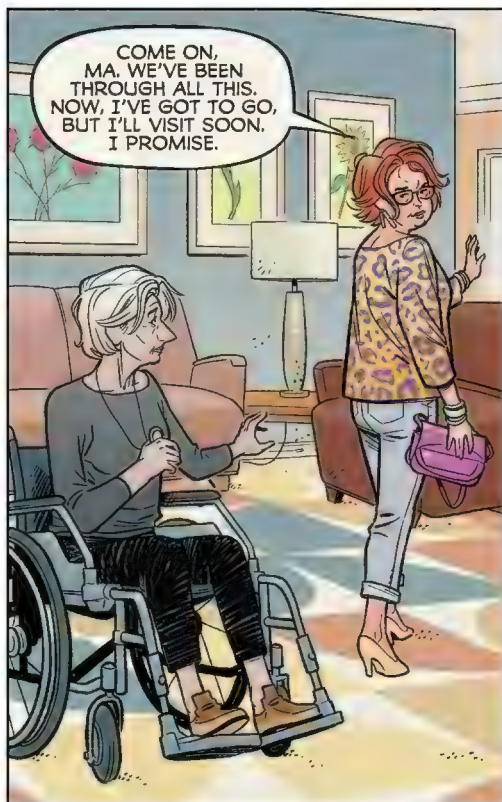
SOMEONE
DIED HERE
LAST NIGHT.



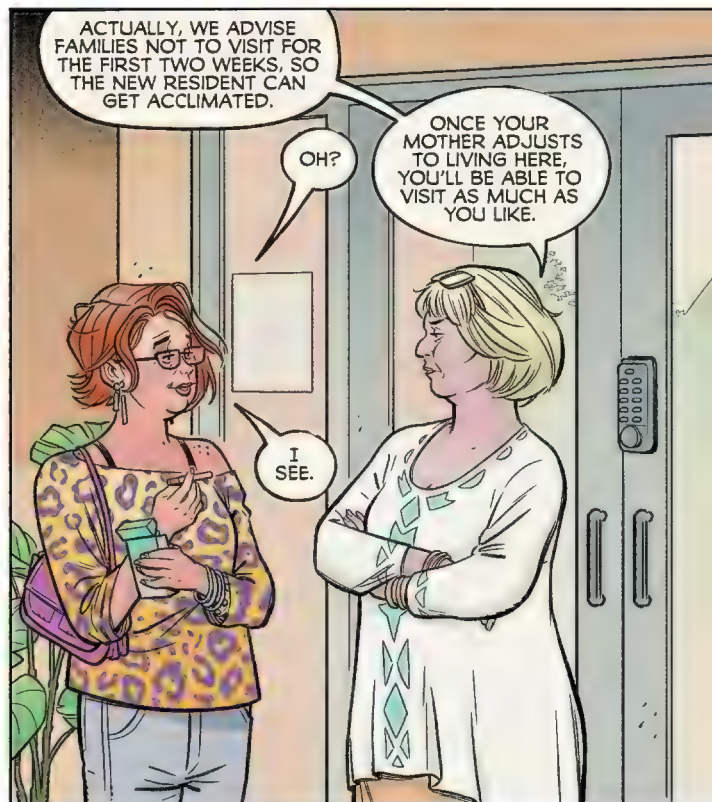
WELL, WHAT DO
YOU EXPECT? OLD
PEOPLE LIVE HERE.
WHAT DO YOU
THINK, YOU'RE
GOING TO LIVE
FOREVER?



PLEASE,
DORA. I
KNOW I DON'T
HAVE LONG. I
JUST WANT TO
GO HOME.



COME ON,
MA. WE'VE BEEN
THROUGH ALL THIS.
NOW, I'VE GOT TO GO,
BUT I'LL VISIT SOON.
I PROMISE.

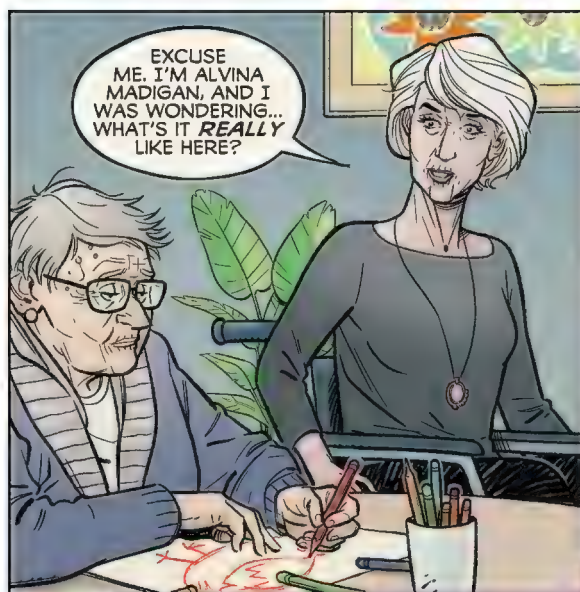
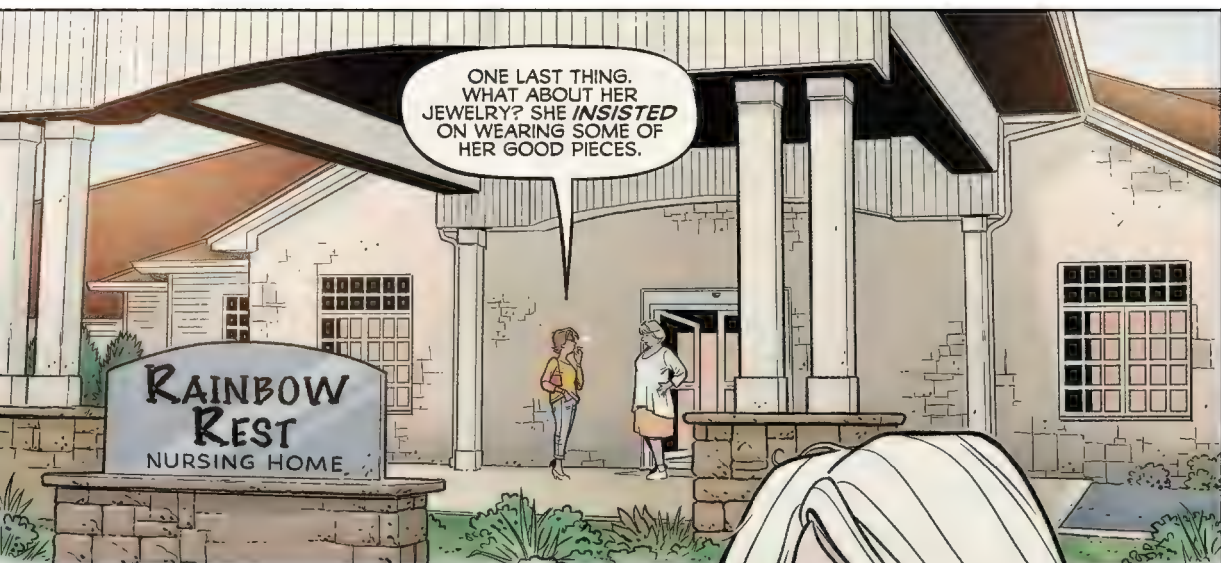


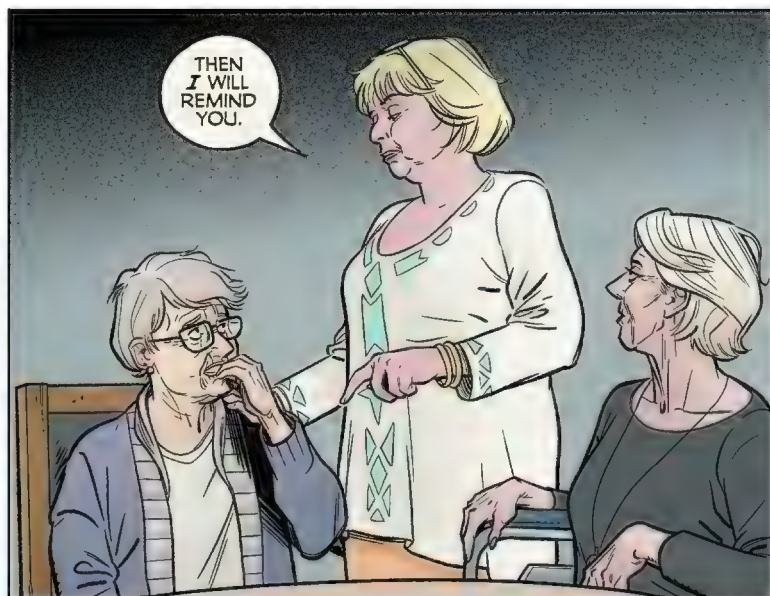
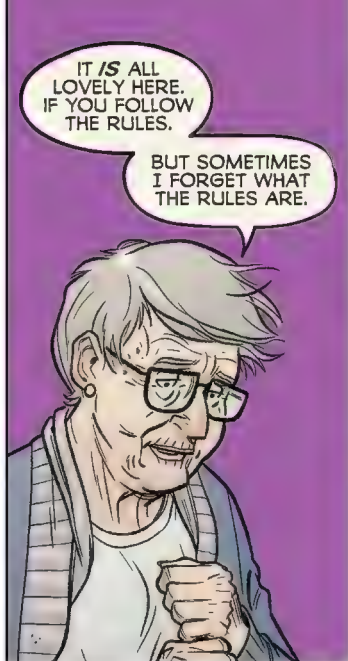
ACTUALLY, WE ADVISE
FAMILIES NOT TO VISIT FOR
THE FIRST TWO WEEKS, SO
THE NEW RESIDENT CAN
GET ACCLIMATED.

OH?

ONCE YOUR
MOTHER ADJUSTS
TO LIVING HERE,
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO
VISIT AS MUCH AS
YOU LIKE.

I
SEE.





"AND ABSOLUTELY **NO** SNOOPING AROUND IN THE SUPPLY CLOSET. AT **ANY TIME**."

I THINK MISS AMY KEEPS THE ART SUPPLIES IN HERE...



TH-THAT'S STELLA'S RING...

"REMEMBER, THESE RULES ARE FOR **YOUR** SAFETY."

DO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, BIRDIE? ALVINA?

IT'S **PROFESSOR** MADIGAN. AND I UNDERSTAND **YOU** VERY WELL. BUT I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND **ME**.

I AM PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF ARCHAEOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY AT OGELTHORPE COLLEGE. I MAY BE GROWING FORGETFUL, BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WILL **NEVER** FORGET.

HOW TO PROTECT MYSELF, FOR EXAMPLE. YOU SEE, THIS AMULET ISN'T JUST DECORATIVE. NOT IF YOU KNOW HOW TO **USE** IT.

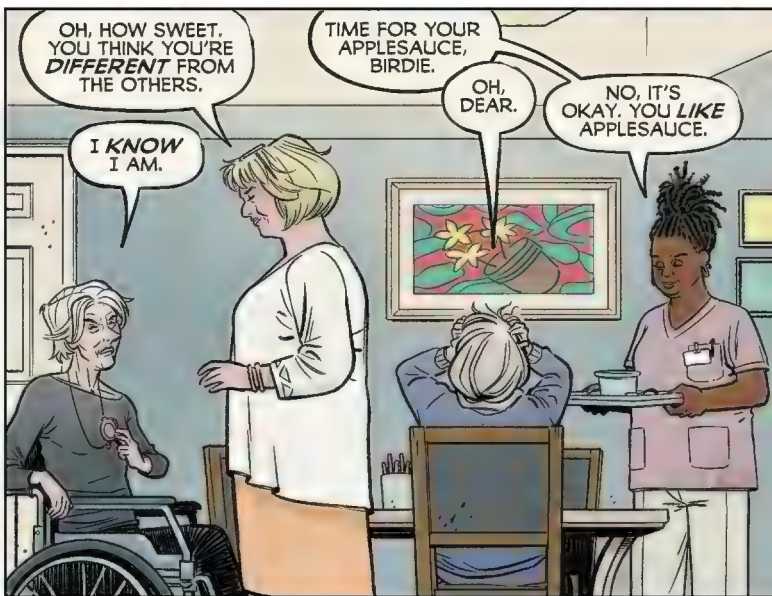
OH, HOW SWEET. YOU THINK YOU'RE **DIFFERENT** FROM THE OTHERS.

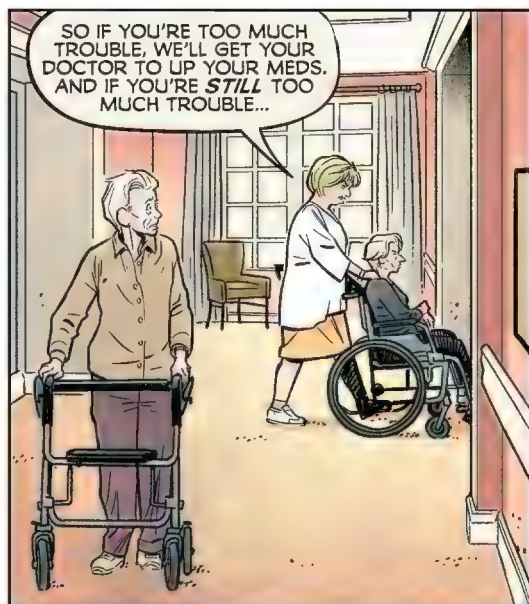
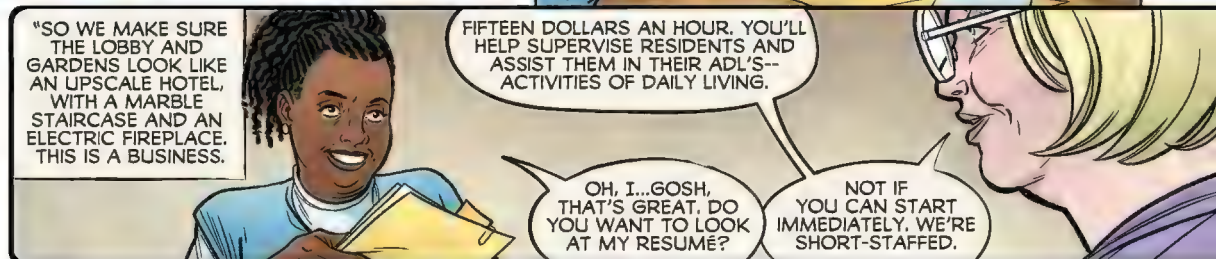
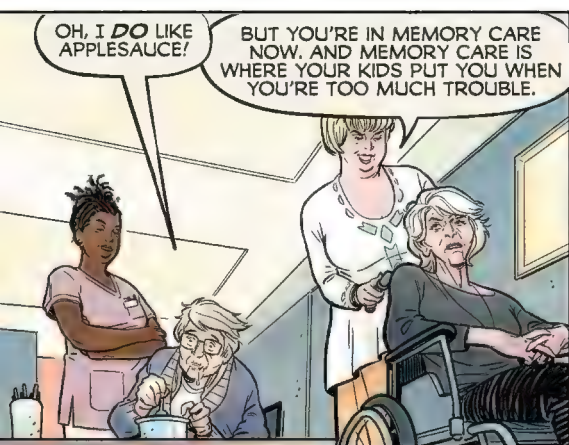
TIME FOR YOUR APPLESAUCE, BIRDIE.

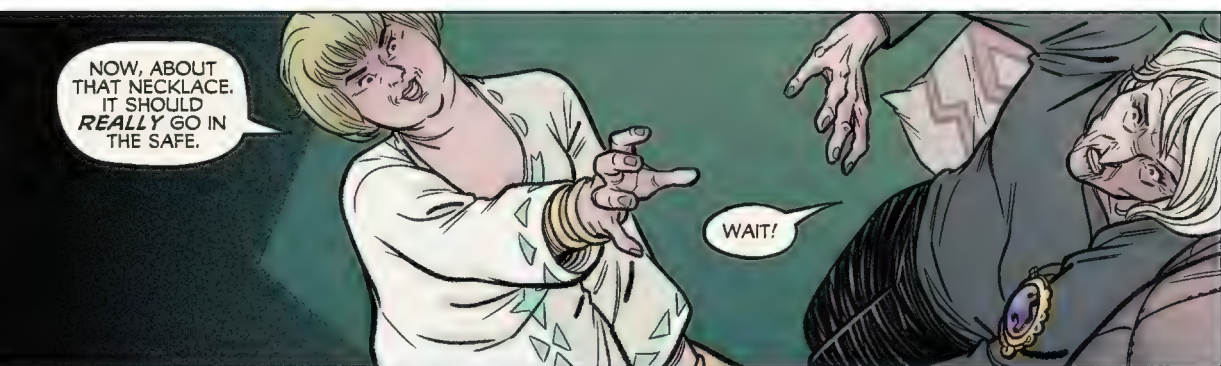
OH, DEAR.

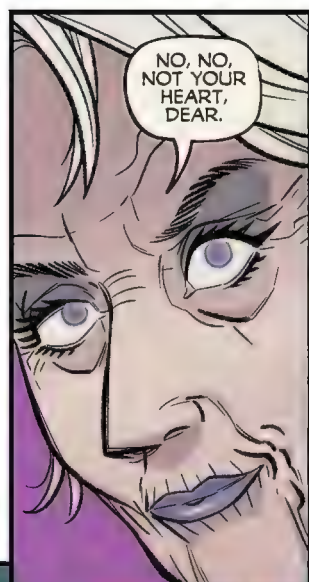
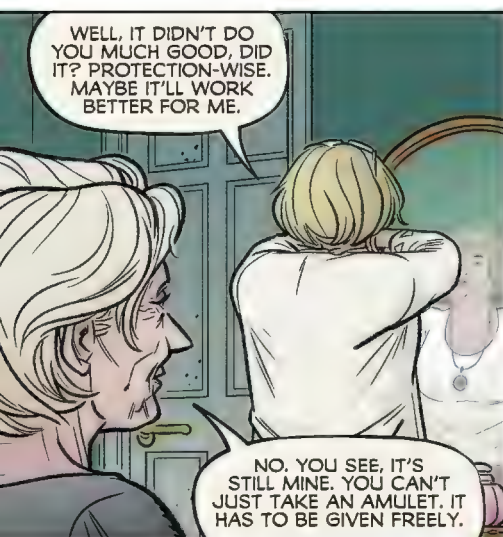
NO, IT'S OKAY. YOU **LIKE** APPLESAUCE.

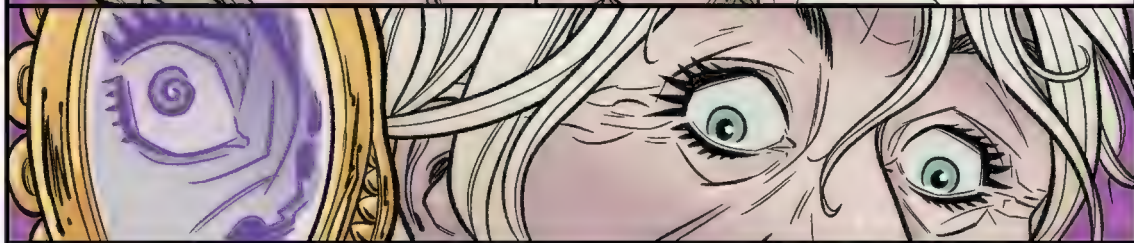
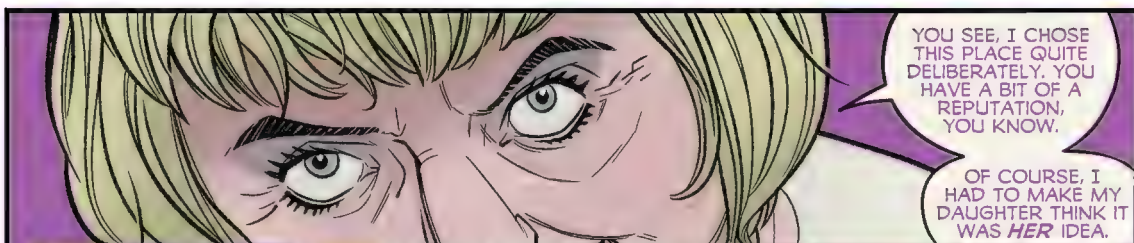
I **KNOW** I AM.



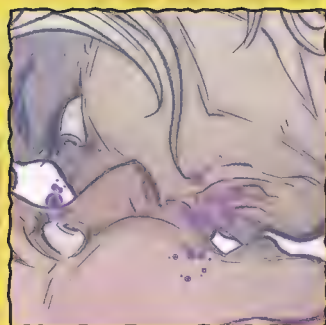












"BURNING AMBITION"

WRITER

SALADIN AHMED

ARTIST

ARTYOM TOPILIN

LETTERER

PAT BROSSAU



DID YOU KNOW YOUR BELOVED OLD CREEP IS A REAL **FIEND** FOR LICH-ERATURE?

IT'S TRUE! DRAMA, POETRY, AND OF COURSE--

DRAMA!

POETRY!



COMICS! EVERYONE LOVES SEQUENTHELL ART!

WELL, **ALMOST** EVERYONE. BUT HERE'S A TALE ABOUT **ONE** POLITICIAN WHOSE HATRED OF COMICS FUELED HIS...



BURNING AMBITION

FOLKS, I'M JUST A SMALL-TOWN MAYOR. BUT I'M **WORRIED** ABOUT THIS COUNTRY.

I CAN REMEMBER WHEN ENTERTAINMENT WAS FOR **FAMILIES**. WHOLESOME.

BUT SOMETHING'S CHANGED, FRIENDS. NOW IT'S ALL **WOKE INDOCTRINATION**--TV, MOVIES, EVEN **COMIC BOOKS**.



BUT TODAY,
IN THIS **SCHOOL
LIBRARY**, WE'RE
DRAWING A LINE. WE'RE
SAYING **OUR** BELIEFS
MATTER, TOO!

YEAH!

WE DON'T
SUPPORT OCCULTISM
OR TRANSGENDERISM!
WE WON'T LET ELITES
FORCE THIS EVIL ON
OUR CHILDREN!

YEAH!

ROMERO HIGH

OUR
SONS AND
DAUGHTERS ARE
BEING LED ASTRAY
BY **SATAN**,
FRIENDS.

SO, REMEMBER
REVELATION--

"AND THE DEVIL THAT
DECEIVED THEM WAS CAST
INTO THE LAKE OF FIRE!"

YOU
THINK HE'S GOT A
SHOT AT MAKING
GOVERNOR?

YOU
KIDDING?
LOOK AT THIS
CROWD. HE'S
A SHOO-IN!

SIX MONTHS LATER...

THANK YOU! FRIENDS, I MAY BE YOUR GOVERNOR NOW, BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THAT YOU PUT ME HERE.

AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN OUR MISSION!

SNAP

SNAP

SNAP

SNAP

POETRY NON-FICTION MEMORIAS R. EMMY



WE STARTED IN THE SCHOOLS, BUT SATAN DOESN'T REST, AND NEITHER WILL WE.

TODAY WE'VE BROUGHT OUR *CRUSADE AGAINST COMICS* TO THIS GREAT STATE'S PUBLIC LIBRARIES!



WE'RE TIRED OF OUR TAXES FUNDING RADICAL AGENDAS THAT--

NO! I WON'T LET YOU!

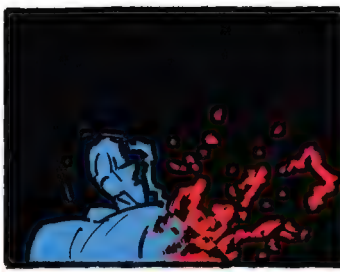
EH?

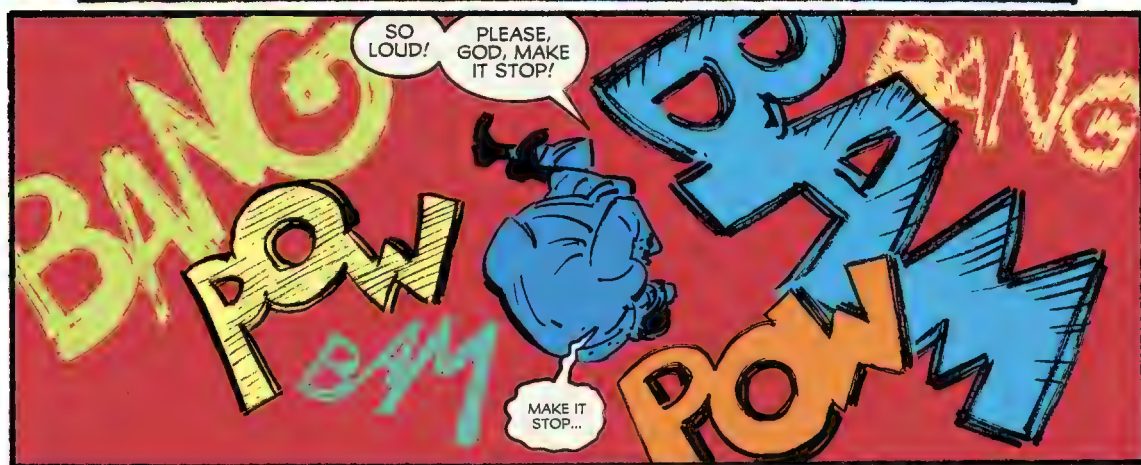




WHERE
AM I?









W-WAIT!
IS THAT--



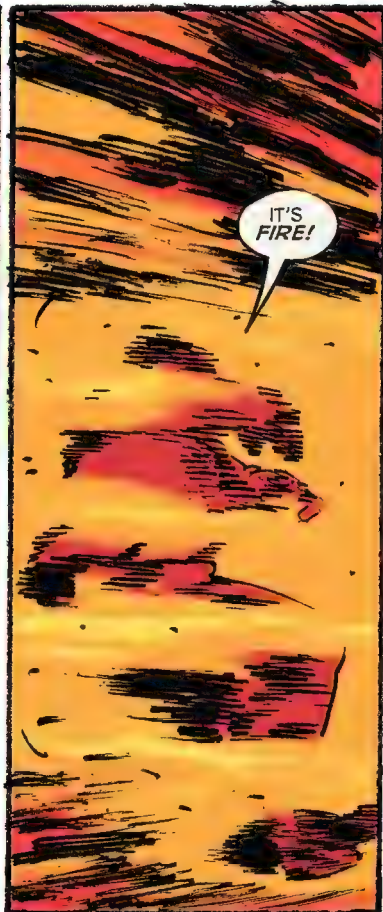
SUNLIGHT!
THANK GOD!



A WAY
OUT!



W-WAIT...
THAT'S NOT
SUNLIGHT!



IT'S
FIRE!



AAAAARR
R
GGH
H!





"KEEP IT FED"

WRITERS

DAVID "DB" ANDRY & TIM DANIEL

ARTIST

MATTHEW ROBERTS

LETTERER

PAT BROSSEAU

WELL, HELLO THERE, NERDIES!
THIS IS A TALE CRAFTED JUST
FOR YOU, THOSE OF US WHO
HAVE KEPT THE INNER CHILD IN
US ALIVE AND WELL.

SOME WILL
TELL YOU TO PUT
AWAY CHILDISH THINGS AT
CHILDHOOD'S END, BUT IF
YOU TRULY LOVE IT, YOU'LL
HOLD IT EVEN TIGHTER AND
REMEMBER TO...

KEEP IT FEED



BUT,
DAD! THERE
IS A MONSTER
UNDER MY
BED!

THAT'S ENOUGH,
ERNEST. WE'VE TOLD YOU,
MONSTERS AREN'T REAL.
YOU'RE EIGHT YEARS OLD--
TOO OLD TO BELIEVE IN
THAT STUFF.

NOW, GO
TO SLEEP!

GOODNIGHT,
SON.

WHY
DO YOU
ALWAYS
TELL
THEM?

UMM...
WHAT? YOU
TALK?!

NOT AS
MUCH AS YOU.
YOU ALWAYS
TELL THEM. AND
THEY NEVER
BELIEVE
YOU...

YOU'RE A
MONSTER UNDER MY
BED... YOU'LL **EAT** ME--
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED
TO DO?!

UNLESS
YOU HAVE
NOTHING--
IN WHICH
CASE...

WAIT! WAIT.
I DO. I THINK I
HAVE A CANDY BAR
LEFT OVER FROM
HALLOWEEN.

COCONUT--
EWEEEEWWW! BUT
MAYBE MONSTERS
LIKE COCONUT--

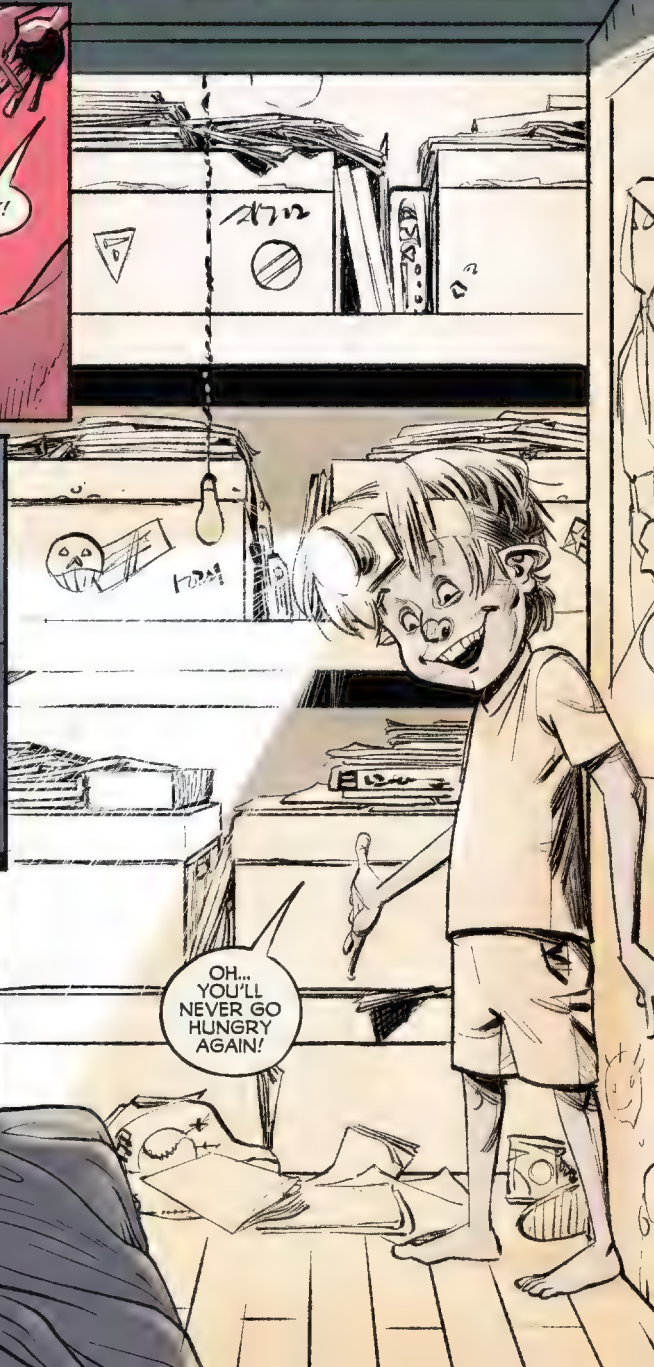
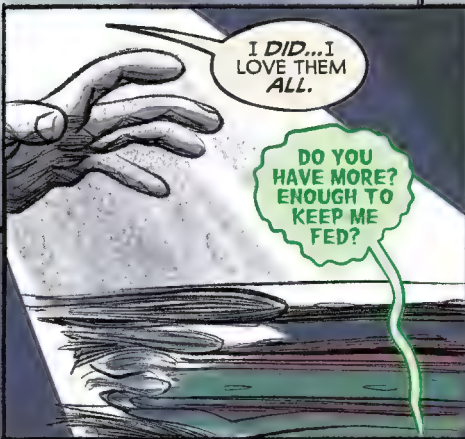
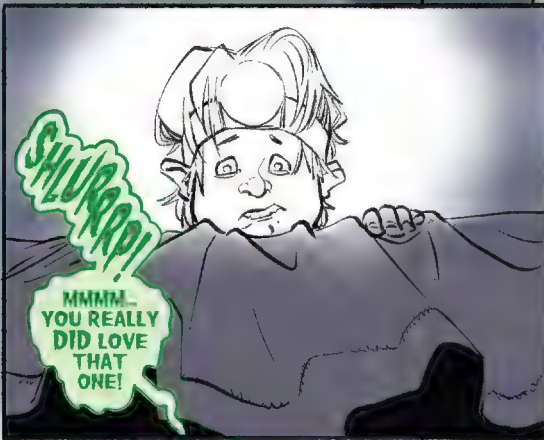
FEED
ME.

NO!
NOTHING
LIKE THAT--

FEED
ME...

...SOMETHING
YOU LOVE.

SOMETHING
I LOVE?



YEARS
LATER...

DUDE!
YOU'RE GONNA
LOVE THIS
ONE!

I DON'T WANT
TO SPOIL IT, BUT THESE
PEOPLE ARE ON A SUB,
AND SOMETHING STARTS
TO INFECT THEM AND...
SHUDDER! IT GETS
HELLA GROSS.

I CAN
DO GROSS.
GROSS IS
GOOD. HIT
ME WITH
IT.

SNATCH!

OF COURSE!
HERE HE IS, JUST LIKE
I TOLD YOU HE'D BE--LIKE
ALWAYS, READING HIS
GODDAMNED SILLY
BOOKS!

WHY
CAN'T YOU
MAKE FRIENDS?
WHY CAN'T YOU
GET A JOB? WHY
CAN'T YOU DO
ANYTHING BUT SIT
IN THIS ROOM
PRETENDING YOUR
HOBBY IS YOUR
LIFE?!

LEGIT...

SHLURP!

OOOO...YOU
WERE RIGHT.
DELICIOUS!

SLAM!



I HAVE A FRIEND.

AND THIS ISN'T "PRETEND", DAD--I WANT TO MAKE COMICS AS A JOB!



YOU ALWAYS TELL THEM. AND THEY NEVER BELIEVE YOU...



WHAT DID YOU JUST--!?! YOU LITTLE WISEASS!

YOU THINK GARBAGE LIKE *THIS* EVER MADE ANYBODY ANY MONEY?

SOMEDAY WHEN THE BILLS COME DUE, YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THIS *CHILDISH BULLSHIT* AND GET A REAL JOB!



START THINKING ABOUT YOUR FUTURE, ERNEST! IN FACT...

LET ME HELP YOU-- THE FUTURE STARTS NOW!

RRIP!

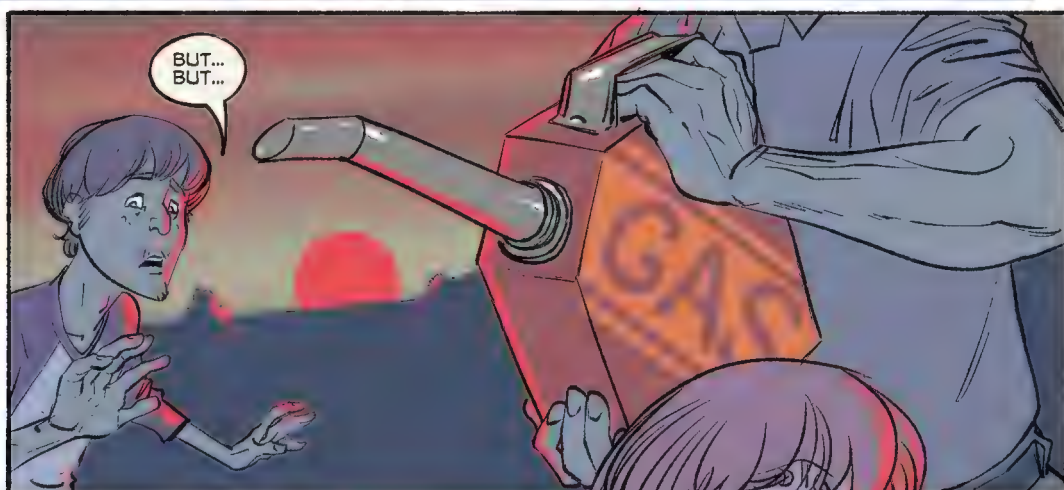
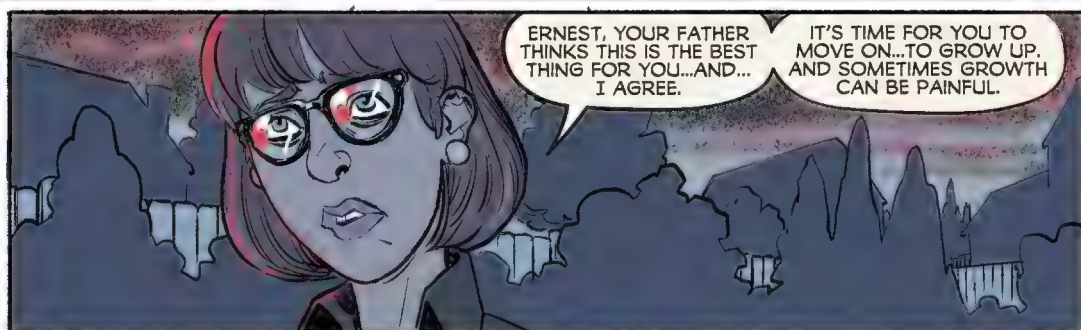


YOU CAN'T DO THAT! THIS IS MY STUFF!

YOUR STUFF?! BOUGHT WITH WHOSE MONEY? BOUGHT WITH MY MONEY!



IN FACT, *EVERYTHING* HERE IS MINE! AND I'LL DO WHAT I WANT WITH IT!





ERNEST, WHY WOULD YOU SAY SUCH A THING?



I TRIED TO TELL YOU...BUT YOU NEVER BELIEVE ME. THERE IS A **MONSTER** UNDER MY **BED**, AND I NEED THE COMICS TO KEEP IT FED.



OH, SWEET BOY...THESE THINGS HAVE POISONED YOUR MIND AND--

THAT IS THE REASON WE'RE DOING THIS!

THE ONLY THING YOU'VE BEEN FEEDING IS YOUR DELUSIONAL IDEAS, AND YOU'RE **NEVER** GOING TO GROW UP IF YOU CONTINUE TO HOLD ONTO ALL THIS FANTASY **CRAP!**



WELCOME TO THE **REAL** WORLD, ERNEST.

AND
THE REAL
WORLD IS
FILLED WITH
TOUGH
LOVE--

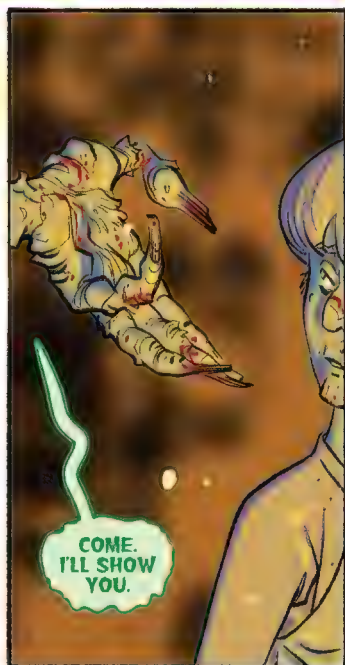
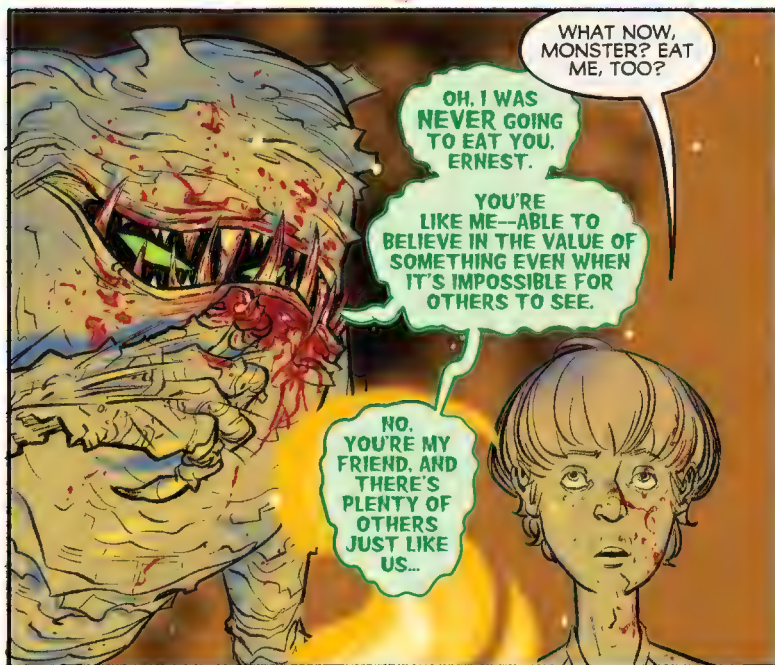
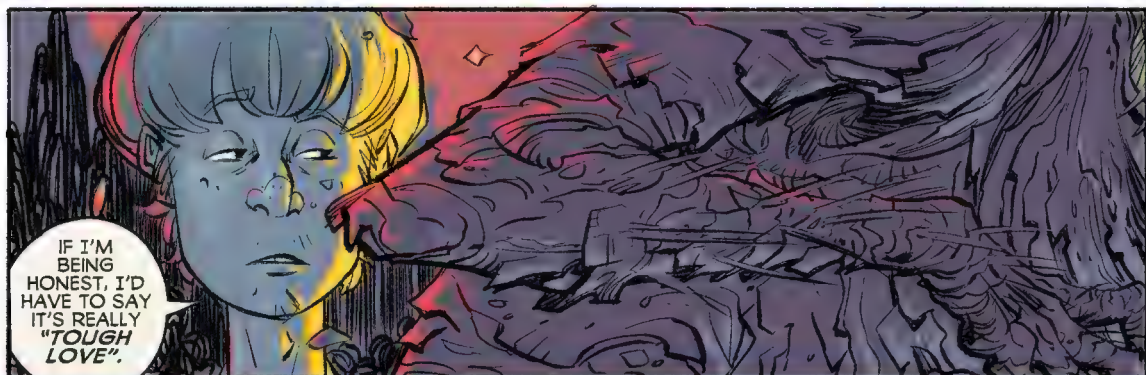
NOOOOOO!

MMMMMMM...
WHAT'S THAT SMELL.
ERNEST?!

SO MUCH
OF WHAT
YOU LOVED.
COOKING ALL
AT ONCE!

YEAH, IT'S
EVERYTHING.
MONSTER.
EVERYTHING I
WAS GOING TO
FEED YOU.

SO.
YOU HAVE
NOTHING
LEFT? NOTHING
THAT YOU
LOVE?





HRRMMM



DAD?
DAD...

DAAAAAAAD--

THERE'S
A **MONSTER**
UNDER MY
BED!



WHAT A
DELICIOUS TALE!
NEVER BE AFRAID
TO CONSUME THAT
WHICH YOU LOVE!
AND THOSE THAT
MOCK AND
TEASE YOU...

THEY CAN
MEET THE
MONSTER
INSIDE!

END



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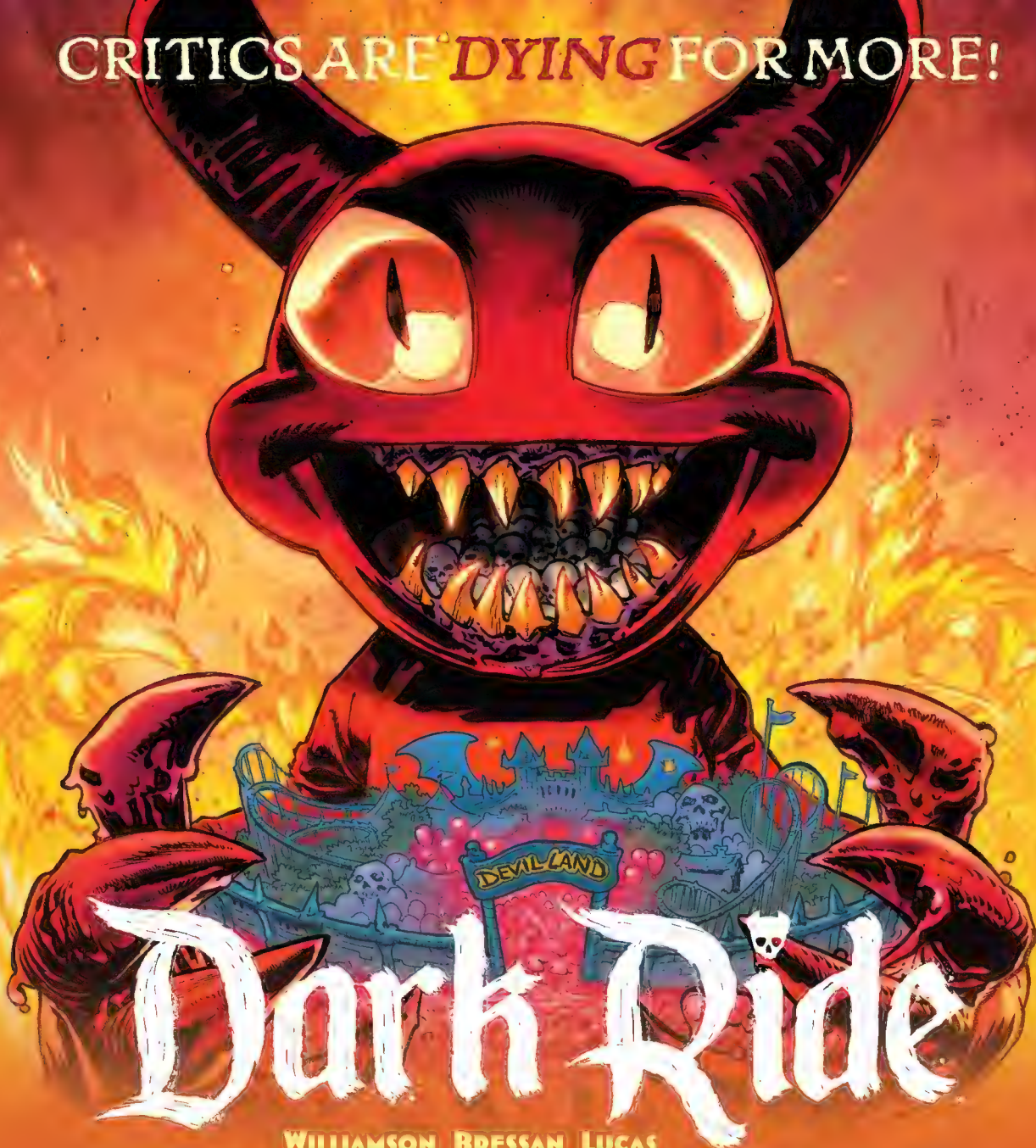
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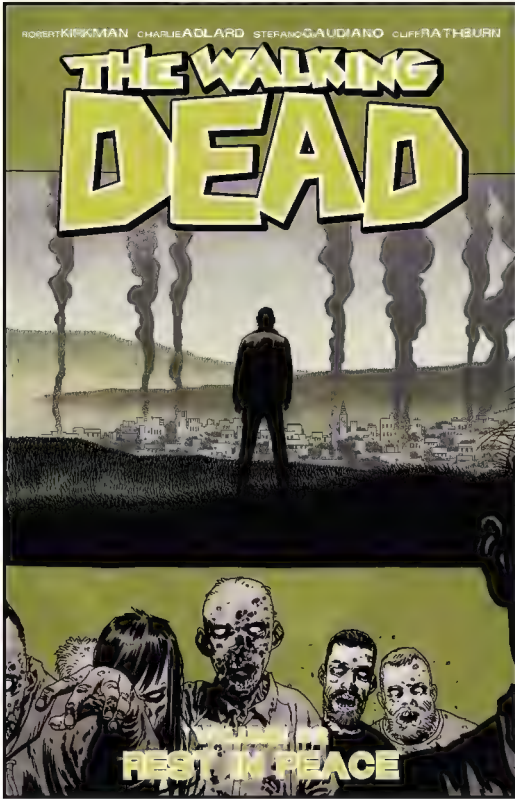
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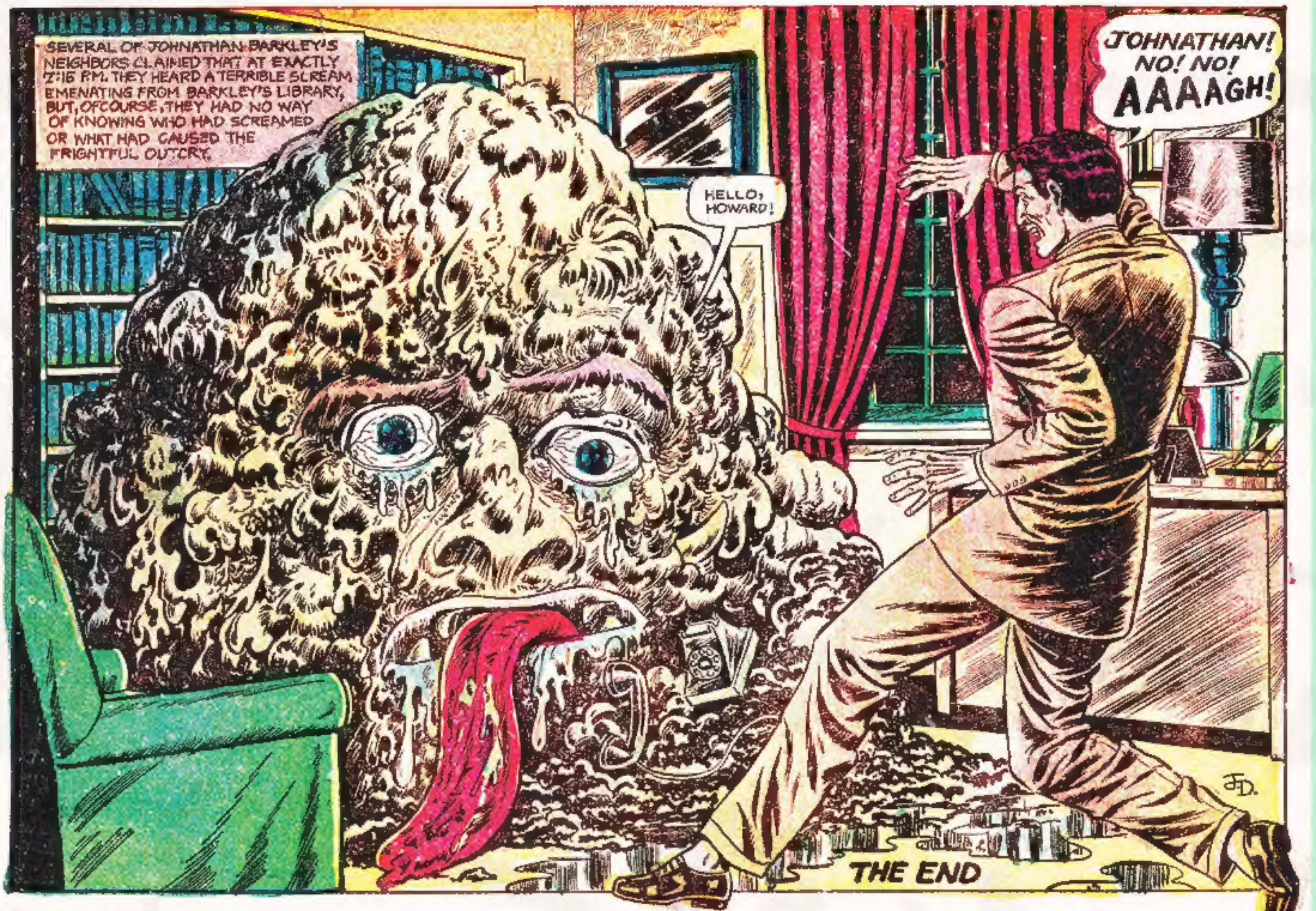
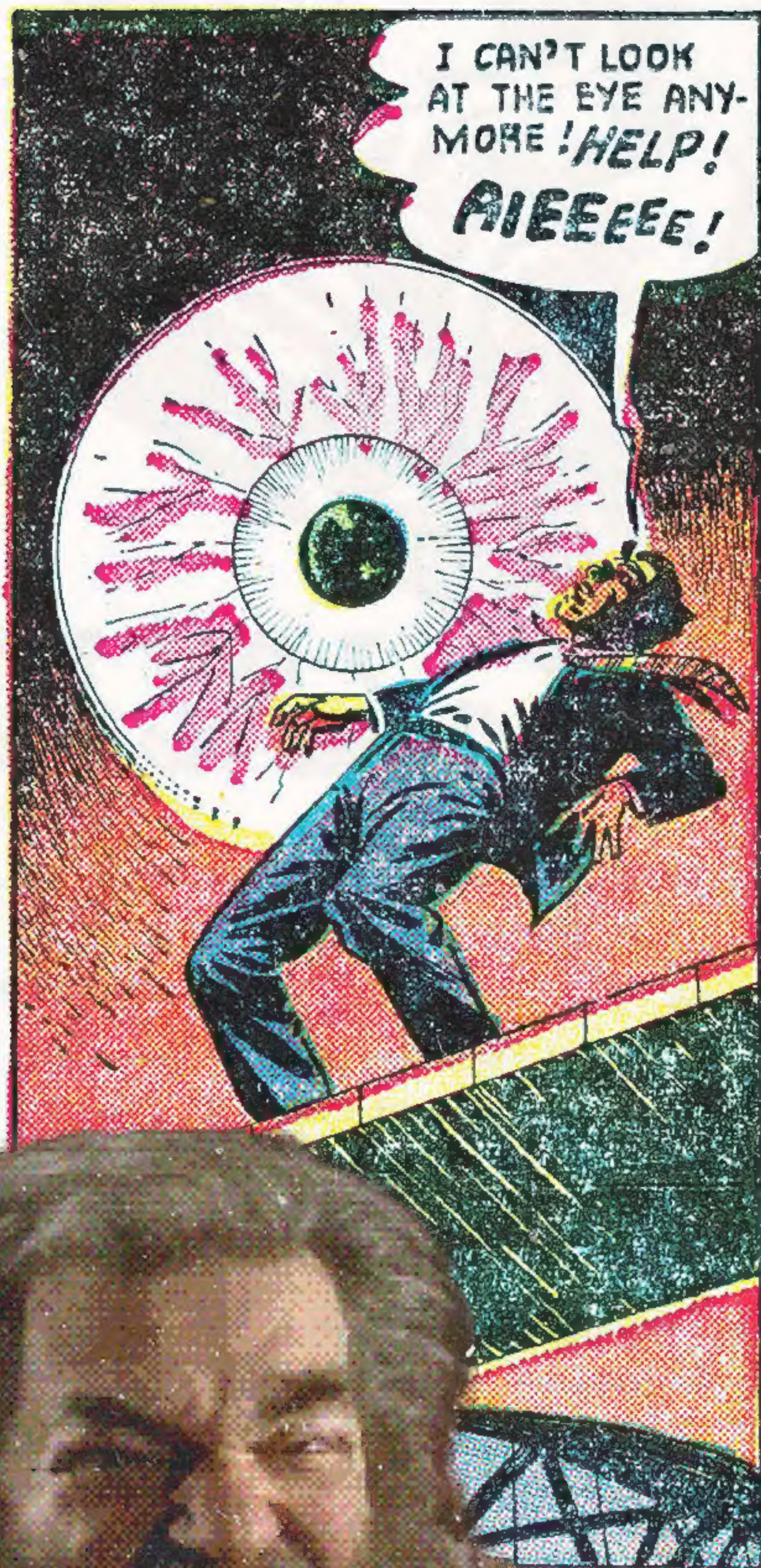
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